

ALBA.
THE MONTHS
MINDE OF A ME-
LANCHOLY LOVER,
diuided into three
parts:

By R. T. Gentleman.

HEREVNTO IS ADDED A
most excellent pathetical and passionate Letter,
sent by Duke *D'Epernou*, vnto the late
French King, *Henry the 3.* of that name,
when he was commanded from the
Court, and from his Royall
Companie. Translated
into English by the
foresaid Au-
thor.

Spes, Amor, & Fortuna valet.

AT LONDON.
Printed by *Felix Kingston*, for *Matthew*
Lownes. 1598.

THE MONTES
MINDE OF A ME

As glorious Pearle, the MARBRYE
At shine of Sunne doth shoue:
So doth she looke, or very like,
To whom I Dutie owe.

R. T.

LONDON.

**TO THE NO LESSE
EXCELLENT THEN HO-
NORABLE DESCENDED**

Gentlewoman, Mistresse

Anne Herne.

PVre Lampe of Vertue, burning alwaies bright,
VVho, Grace in me (vnworthie) dost infuse:
Cleere Sunne that driu'st each doubtfull Mist from sight,
The firm'st Maintainer of my crased Muse;
Lo I this *mournfull Verse* in sable weede,
From sorrowes Cell, do send thee for to reade.

Daine thou with cheerfull looke, what my sad eye
Distils from Lymbeck of a bleeding Hart;
Fruits of True Loue disdaine most wrongfully,
Vouchsafe of me (as of my Dutie) part,
A Wofull Wight, indebted paith thee so,
Bankroutes in pleasure, can but pay with woe.

As often as the Moone doth change her course,
And Sunne to nouell Signe doth enter in:
So often I do call still for remorte,
Whilst endles sorrow doth new Griefe begin.
Once I each Month to CRUEL ALBA make,
A MONTHS MIND, yet no pitie she doth take.

A 3

Thou

Thou art the SHADOW of her SUBSTANCE faire,
Resembling her most perfectly in Shape:
Ah then but smile, and it shall ease my care,
Though stint it cannot, her nere dying hate:
Grant me this *Boone*, and neuer shall my Verse
Leaue, of thy Christall BROOKE praise to rehearse.

Humbly deuoted vnto your
matchles Vertues.

R. T.

TO THE THRISE GE- NEROVS AND NOBLE

Gentleman Sir *Calisthines Brooke*

Knight, one of her Majesties

chiefe Commanders in

IRELAND.

Mirror of Knighthood, *WORTHIES* Cavalier,
Touchstone of Valour, Chiefe of Chivalrie;
Honor of Field, to Foe a deadly Feare,
Wars bloody Ancient, Plague to *Surquedrie*;
Souldiers Reliefe, *Mars* bravest Coronell,
Bellonas Trumpet, *Battailes* Larum Bell:

Sweet to thy Friends, to Strangers nothing sower,
Whose kinde Behaviour hath bin of such force,
As ore thy deadliest Foes, th'hast had great power,
Making them learne true Pitie and Remorie.
Witnes the sauadge *KERNs*, and *IRISH* wilde,
Wrought through thy *Cariage* sweete, both tame and
(milde,

Vertue and *Honor*, strive in thee t'exceede;
Valour and *Reausie*, *Intrest* in thee claime,
Whilst thou thy *Noble House* noblest indeede,
Thy *House*, not thee, through thy *Palme-rising Fame*,
Worthy art thou to be (*Faire* matches *Wight*)
MINION to *Kings* to *Queenes*, deare FAVORITE.

A 3

Then

Then (Courteous K N I G H T) vouchsafe with cheerfull
This wofull Verse (though worthles) to accept: (smile,
Begot by Griefe, brought forth as Sorrowes Childe,
Since Thee and Thine (as Sacred) I respect.

Ah had mine A L B A scene thy louely Face,
For thy sweet sake, I (then) had found some Grace.

At your honorable Disposition
alwaies to be commanded.

R.T.

4

To the right noble and mag-
nanimous Gentleman Sir John
Brooke Knight, one of her
Maiesties chiefe Captaines in
the LOW COUNTRIES,

BRAVE KNIGHT, whose Vertues far exceed thy yeeres,
The Ornament of thy *thrife Noble House*,
VVhose Worth is such as findes abroad few Peeres:
So *Famous* art thou, and *Illustrious*,
Making the World to wonder at thy Praise,
Whilst to thy selfe new Glorie thou dost raise.

Thou like vnto another *Alexander*,
Art to thy Countries Foes, a *Tamberlaine*,
(A Bloody Scourge) whilst thou dost them indanger,
The Proudst of whom, thou makst to yeeld with shame:
Witnes the Siege of *AMYENS* late in *FRANCE*,
Where Knightly Honor thy Service did aduance.

Vouchsafe thou then great *MARS*'s *Parent Heire*,
To lay aside thy Martiall minde a space,
And view these lines, *Th' unsimely Fruits of Care*,
Which I desire (though not deserue) to grace:
Gracious thou art with All, then grace to One
This Verse, whose Grace I do entreate alone.

May be, when my coy A L B A shall perceiue,
This Fauour done so kindly vnto me,
She (for a while) from Rigor then will breathe,
Taking Truce, (though not Peace) from Crueltie.
Grant me this Sute, and I with zeale will pray,
That when thou lo' st, thy *Missis* nere say *Nay*.

At your honorable Disposition
alwaies to be commanded.

R.T.

5

Richard Day to the Author.

WHilst lovely ROBIN REDBREAST thou dost sing,
In chirping note her Beautie most divine,
Whom thou to heauen with psalles of praise dost ring,
The gentle Aire with thee keepe tune and time:
Aurora, from the skie on ALBA sweet,
Raines Roses, her in kindnes more to greet.

To heare thee sing the Windes are whist in th' aire,
And calme Zephirus a coole fresh blast doth blow:
Flora doth smile, and Rivers forced are
To stay their course, they like thy musick so:
Willing they lend to thee their listning eare,
As who would say, Him only would we heare.

The savage beasts do runne; the linckes stones
Tumble apace, and mouing Mountaine hie,
To heare how sweetly thou thy Love becomest,
Taking delight in this rare melodie,
Whilst LOVE himselfe hearing thee making Love,
The seate thereof as ravished doth prone.

So did the Thracian Orpheus heretofore,
Vpon the flowring banks of Heber play
On skilfull Harpe, (as thou dost now implore
Long TAMESIS) for faire Euredisay.
Be then our English Orpheus, raise thy Verse,
Thy worship ALBA's praise, brauely rehearse.

R. Day. Gentleman.

*An Answer to his kinde friend
Richard Day. Gent.*

NO lonely, nor beloned REDDRESS I,
A ROBIN poore refuse, such one I am,
Which Ile ascribe unto my Destinie,
And not impute it unto ALBAS blame:
Yet will I chirp her praises to my skill,
Where Ars doth want, my Hars supplies goodwill

Sweet Friend, tis thou that lovely sweet dost sing,
No swanne, but raven I; my voice is hoarse:
Thou DAY to the day the clearest light dost bring,
And of thy DIAMANTA findest remorse.
Heavens, Airs, Windes, Earth, Beasts, Stones, Hills, Seas
Thou canst command by thy sweet Verses call. (and all,

To praise me thus thou dost me too much wrong,
Thin waight's too heauie for my back to beare;
To thee, and to thy Mistress, Praise belong;
For you, not me, thin Garland's fitt to weare.
Yet since some Flowers thereof you do bestow
On ALBA mine, I thankfull still will show.

Be thou our ALBIONS Orpheus most diuine,
I cannot play, my ioyes not nimble are:
Thou that art best in Lones forever and time,
Sound thou directed by a beauious Starre.
My Star is bright, yet let me tell the truth,
Where Beantie most abounds, there wants most Rich.

R. T.

6

*A friend, though a stranger to
the Author.*

WHEN I by chance do reade thy dulcet Verse,
I cannot (though a stranger, yet thy friend,
Thy passions be so pleasing, and so pierce)
But give thee Due, and them (of right) commend.
So cunningly thy Verse doth ioyne with Art,
Thy griefes makes yerne the hardest Readers bare.

If thou dost write, when others dost enflame,
Thy stile is pure (well nie Celsiall)
Like to the Sunne sparkling his beames amaine,
Or like the Fire, whose heat doth soone appale.
To heare thy selfe (not others) sing, I long,
Sweet Bird thy Notes are sweete, sweet is thy Song.

Sing then sweet Bird with Ruddie Breast thy fill,
For I do loue, affect and honor thee:
Thou Sweet, I Constant, so continuing still,
A Cignes thou, and Ile a Louer bee:
So shall no lone be like the lone of mine,
No stile compare with stile so rare of thine.

Then be not mure, when thou maist gently mone;
Keep not (alwaies) thy sorowes to thy selfe;
Still mone not primarily like turtle Dore;
Content of Mind's worth all: seeke thine owne Health,
Thinke All things haue their course; the time may come,
Though now obscure, yet bright may shine thy Sunne.
Per Ignoto.

An Answer.

Bound by Desert, (thy Merits, but not mine)
A Stranger thou, how shall I make amends?
That of thy friendship, such assured signe
(To me scant knowne) such loving Verses send?
Thanks gine I; that's a younger Brothers reward,
Nought els I have, my Fortune is so hand.

My worthles lines th' hast red, (as thou dost write)
But (partiall thou) too much the same dost praise,
To sing still kindly thou dost me inuise,
My Glorie (but indeed my Shame) to blaze,
Alas I cannot; dead is that sweet Fire,
Which did enflame in me such chaste Desire.

Then boldly sang I, when those louchy Eyes
Were quicke to me: but now that they are gone,
Now that my Sunne shines not in chearfull wise,
Nor my Fire heats me, I will weep and waine.
I, weep, (saith Cruell A. L. A.) weep thy fill,
For neuer more I see, or love thee will.

But thou that constant art in thy vowde Love,
And (as Belov'd) thy Ladies love dost gaine,
Wish thy sweet Saile, and my sad PLAINES came on,
Each Reader bates speake thou in morose waine;
In secret still, be secret like the Dove,
And when my Sunne shall shine, then will I waine.

R. T.

7
To my deare friend R. T. Gent.

Sweet Cignet that so sweetly dost deplore,
Thy sad lamenting Passions and thy loue,
Where TAMESIS doth flow alongst the shore,
And from cleere Isis doth his passage moue,
Running alongst braue Troynouants right side,
Till ceasles she into the Sea doth glide.
Thou to the Nymphs dost sing so sweet a tune,
Tracing thy selfe with such a supred note,
As VVanes and VVindes, are still, and calme soone
To heare thee; nor desire they blow, or flote,
Whilst they do breathe to vs this gentle Gust,
Only let ROBIN sing, All other Birds be hushd.

I. M. Gent.

The Answer of the Author.

Is thou, not I, that singst so sweet a Song,
Where MERSIE streames, whose wanes are Silver sound,
Whose banks are Gold, whilst he doth glide along
Into the swelling Trent his utmost Bound.
You that in Loues Quire sing, heare him alone
Not me: my Song's vnpleasant, full of mone.
Heare him, who chaunes with such a pleasant Lay,
As he, Seas stormes, can (when he list) assuage;
Make stealing Time against his will to stay;
And calme the Windes, when most they seeme to rage.
Heare him; to vs (to heare him) tis a Grace,
Your Glorie to be hushd, and giue him place.

R. T.

The Author to Master R.A.

Deare friend, in whom Euterpe doth inflill
Each rare Conceits, within thy learned brest;
Guiding so happily thy pleasing quill,
Whilst of thy Mistres Beautie th' art in Quest:
Making our TAMESIS for fame as rare,
As Tiber, when proud Rome Worlds scepter bare.

That LAVVREL greene which in my youthfull yeares
I lou'd so much, so deare, as like could none,
A fatall barren Cypresse now appeares,
Which scarce in harsh and hatefull Verse I mende:
Too true presage of Falling of my Sinne,
And hastie Parte of my sad Griefes to come.

Then to what end, since that it is in vaine,
My sicklie penne, my bloodles hand to write,
Calist thou on me ? that thus line still in paine,
Since blinded I, have lost mine ALBAS sight.
MERCIE no Mercie me, no more will show,
Now doth it ebbe, where it was wont to flow.

But thou whose Blood is hot, and in thy Prime,
And daily ioyest thy Cynthias Companie:
Rouse thee, and of right Eagle shew the signe,
And with thy Verse (thy flight) cut through the skie,
Whilst I mine ALBAS absence still bewaile,
Whose sight being lost, my senses needs must faile.

R. T.

8

An Answer.

EVterpe, nor the Muses (her sweet Mates)
Pernassus drops infuse into my Braine:
My table is not furnisht with rare Cates,
(Daintie Conceits) which come from Poets vaines:
No sacred Furie me inspires t'endite,
But whas first comes in braine. (straight) that I write.

Thy Lawrel greene that thou hast lov'd so long,
Dosh flourish still, nor satall Cypresse is;
To feare too much, thy selfe thou much dost wrong,
And ouer-much to griene, thou dost amisse.
No Sunne but falls as well as it dosh rise,
And who (in Love) lines without Contraries?

Though ALBA's gone, yet she'll againe returne,
Then write, that she may know thou dost her minde:
What Ladies promise, HONOR will performe,
Nor thinke that Beantie alwaies is unkinde:
ALBA is milde; MERCEIE will Mercie show,
No River ebs, but is againe must flow.

I am at best and in my youthfull prime,
My lonely Cynthias Favour I enjoy:
Yet think not but my Day is dark some time,
As I do taste of Blisse, so feele I noy:
Thus chirps one ROBIN REDBREAST to another,
Ah do not thy rare Gifts through sorrow smother.

R. A.

and the

the first of the

the first of the

the first of the

the first of the

the first of the

L
O
W
T
P
W
W
B
T
E
O
H
W
T
A

9
TO THE PICTURE OF
HIS MISTRESS.

Like to the Porpoise (Tempests prophesier)
I play before the storme of my sad Teares:
Or as the Swanne whose sweetest Note is higher,
When Death is neere, which he gently beares:
So sing I, now that ALBA mine is parted,
Who hath me left disliude and quite vnharted.

Turne inke from Blacke to Gore in bloodiwise,
Paper from white change thou to deadly pale,
Whilst I my Readers eyes doe rumatise
With brinish drops to heare this wofull Tale.

This wofull tale, where sorrow is the ground,
Whose bottom's such, as (nere) the Depth is found.

But vnto whom shall (now) dedicate
This melfull verse, this mournfull Elegie?
Euen to my cruell Mistresse COYNTERRAITE,
Of Beaul'es shape, the right Eternitie.

Then to her PICTURE I present this verse,
Of my slaine Hart (dead for pure loue) the Herse.

Here may I touch, kisse, talke, doe what I please,
Without Controle, Frowne, Anger, or Disdaine
To breake ones minde in griefe yet tis some
And boldly speake without replie againe.

Ah that I were *Pigmalion* in this place,
That *Venus*, me (as him she did) would grace.

TO THE FAIR ALBA.

Alla Crudelissima.

Loe here the MONTHS MIND of my deare bought
Which (once a Month) I vowd to memorise,
When first I sought the CAVEL FAIRE to moue,
Who alwaies did my sighs and teares despise.

This must my SABBOTH be, and HOLIDAY,
On which I (to my Goddesse) vs to pray.

This Feast I solemnise for her sweete sake,
(In absence hers) as if she present were,
For my proud CHOICE, who pitie none doth take
On me, that liue twixt Hope, despaire and feare.

(Deare ALBA) then accept this Sacrifice,
These ducious Teares, the Tribute of mine eyes.

Thinke how perplext fore PICTURE thine I stand;
Thinke of the depth of my sad Palsion;
How I haue alwaies bin at thy command;
How none but thee my thoughts still muse vpon;
Thinke how I euer tendred thy Good name,
Conseruing with my dearest Blood the same.

ke how I still of thee had due respect,
thou (at all times) didst me vse too hard;
withouten cause thou didst reiect,
and meaning too too meane reward)
these wrongs which I endured haue,
remember me: Nought els I craue.

Troinonam.

Since

ALBA.

Since spightfull Fortune (fore against my will)
Hath drawne me farre from place where thou dost liue
And that of force I must obey her still,
(Although to liue so doth me deadly grieue)
Yet though my Bodie is farre off, MY HART
Is still with thee, from whence it nere shall part.

Only of thee (sweete Ladie) this I craue,
That till our thred of life shall be vnspun,
Thou wilt vouchsafe me in thy minde to liue,
And not forget the Loue twixt vs begun.
But in thy Hart the same for to repose,
As I (the like) in inward soule doe close.

This only can (still) me in life conserue,
Thy gracious Fauour and thy Pitié sweete:
This is the pretious Balme, the pure Preserue,
Which I doe hope to finde, and still will seek.
This makes me liue, although with great vnrest,
Since of thy selfe I haue bin dispossessed.

Thou art my Hope, my Hauē, my Comfort chiefe,
On thee alone, on none els I relie:
Only to thee I come to begge reliefe,
In thee it is if I shall liue or die.

(DEAREST) remember tis a Gift more rare,
CONSTANT to be, then to be counted FAIRE.

ALBA

Two sparkling stars, fine golde, pure Ebonie,
From whence Loue takes his Brands, his Shafts & Bow,
Two daintie Apples, which though hid from eye,
Through vaile of Lawne, through lawne more faire do
A cherrie lip with luoric teeth most white, (show:
Where *Cupid* begs within that Grate so bright.

Vermilion Flowers that grow in Heauen aboue;
Snow, which no wet can marre, nor Sunne can melt,
Right Margarite Pearle which alwaies Orient proue,
A Voyce, that Hart of marble makes to swelt,
A Smile that calmes the raging of the Sea,
And Skie more cleere makes then was wont to bee.

Graue, staied wisdome in yong and tender yeares,
A stately Gate, and Port maiesticall,
A Carriage (where in vertue (borne) appears,
Lookes that disdain, and yet delight withall,
Numbers of Fauours, Beauties infinite,
With Modestie, chaste, pure, and milde Delight.

An humble Soule within a Bodie rich,
A lowly Thought within a conquering Hart:
These are the workes which I commend so mich,
Which Heauens & L o v e haue framde by curious Art:
All these I once enioyde: but they being gone,
My Note is changde, my Mirth is turnde to Mone.

ALBA.

Ah might I once perswaded be at last,
These skalding sighs of mine should haue an end,
That I for Sower, some Sweet (at length) might taste,
And that the CRUEL FAIRE would not contend
Euer gainst me; I then would (gently) take,
And suffer all these wrongs for her sweete sake.

Too well I know (and I confesse the same)
That too too loftie is my proud Desire:
My soaring Thoughts, deseruing mickle blame,
And I, ore bold, presume too high t'aspire:
Yet still (me thinkes) mine Ayme, being not base,
I should deserue some little tynie Grace.

Say then (sweete LOVE) for thou with ALBA mine,
Dost soiorne, wheresoeuer she doth bide)
Say, am I like, that, to obtaine in time,
From which I now am so farre off, and wide?
Ah say the truth, doth she once thinke on me?
Doth she but wish that I with her might be?

Ah had not Reason my Desires refrainde,
I had, my *Thoughts deare Soueraigne*, seene ere this,
Whose Grace I sought (but bootles) to haue gainde,
The only ioy I in this world would wish.
Rather would I see those chaste beautious Eyes,
Then chuse to be in matchlesse Paradise.

ALBA.

As Christall Glasse in which the Sunne doth shine,
I like mine ALBAS Angels heauenly feature:
But when she deadly wounds this Corle of mine,
I lothe her more then any murthring Creature:
More then a Theefe that robs and stealeth pelfe,
I hate her, when she steales me from my selfe.

My hart is grieu'd cause it doth disagree:
For whilst my Minde to loue her doth deuise,
And thinks her worthie honored for to bee,
A Sdainfull thought through Hatred doth arise,
Which skornes y^e one so Rich, a Theefe shuld proue,
That one so Faire, a Murthereffe is in loue.

I know not what to seeke, nor what I should,
Yet haue I sought till I haue lost my sense:
Although truth to confesse, faine loue I would,
And yet not die for this too Cruell wench.
Betwixt these two fain would I find a Meane, (treme.
Alas, Women haue none, they alwaies keepe Th'ex-

Then how for me ist possible to loue,
If my best ALBA once from me be tooke?
How shall I liue when thousand Deaths I proue?
When not this one (the least) I scarce can brooke.
Ah woe is me, a double mixt Desire,
To haste my Death the sooner doth conspire.

Such

12
ALBA.

Such is the rare perfection of sweete Beautie
Of my faire ALBA, my sole choise Delight:
That if that any PAINTER doth his dutie,
To shadow forth her Luster passing bright,
He loseth both his labour and his time,
As one ore bold, so high a step to clime.

For whilst he giues his minde attentiuely,
And studieth to match Nature with his Art,
Marking her Feature with a watchfull eye,
To portray forth most liuely euery part:
Such brightnes comes from her, such gliftring rayes,
As he's struck blinde, and darkned goes his wayes.

This is the cause, that who in hand doth take,
In curious wise her pearlesse Counterfate,
Hoping himselfe immortall so to make,
Doth fall into like dangerous estate:
Thinking to shadow her, he shadowed is,
And so his eyes, and purpose he doth misse.

That, she were drawne in midst of Hart it were
Far better, (and (my selfe) haue plaste her so)
For though in darke she hidden doth appeere,
Yet vnto me she faire and bright doth show,
My Hart's the Boord, where limnde you may her see;
My Teares the Oyle, my Blood the Colours bee.

Fano.

B 4

Bright

ALBA.

Bright were the Heauens, and husht was euery winde,
Cleere was the day, when as mine ALBA faire,
Brought forth with ioy (*Lucina* being kinde)
A daintie Babe, for feature passing rare,
Adorning all the world with this glad welth,
A gift t'enrich the World, Vs, and her self.

What time she was in trauell of this Childe,
No thunder, lightning, nor no storme was heard:
But all was quiet, peacefull, calme, and milde,
As if the skies t'offend her were afeard,
Whilst th'earth attended on her, and the Sea,
As though they staid at her command to be.

Then did the Windes (not vsing so before)
A gentle gale blow calmly euery where,
And fild the blisfull Aire with sweetes great store:
Each bird and fowle shewing a merry cheere,
Whilst that blest Day a double Beautie found,
One from the Sunne, the other here on ground.

This made the haughtie proud *Oceanus*,
To open all his wealth in outward show:
And finding my faire Mistresse honored thus,
He made his swelling waues in richnes flow,
Whilst that a MARGARITE brought forth a Perle,
A precious stone, a daintie louely Gerle.

ALBA.

de, As I haue liu'd, I liue, and liue so will,
 With selfe same baite that L o v e for me did lay,
 When he his net (to traine me in by skill)
 Did open set, to bring me to his bay:
 Only that I might sigh for thee alone,
 And sue for Grace, although Grace found I none.

Then A L B A let it not displeasen thee,
 Nor make thou shew of anger for the same:
 Though my sweete Bonds so strait and inward bee,
 Since I (not thou) doe beare thereof the paine:
 And that my loue to thee is growne so neere,
 As then my life I value it more deere.

Thine was I first, and thine at last I am,
 And thine I will be to the world his end:
 For thee into this world I willing came,
 And leaue this world I will, fore thee offend.
 Meane time thy matchles vertues I will blase,
 And spend my life, sighing for thee alwaies.

Ah L o v e twas thou that tookest my libertie,
 And of Freeman inforst me be a slaue,
 Whilst Hers to be, and thine, most willinglie
 I am content this seruile yoke to haue.

le, L o v e s prisoner then, begging at Beauties gate,
 Some Almes bestow sweete Ladie for Gods sake.

As

My

ALB A.

My mounting Minde, my neuer staide Conect,
Hath built a stately Castle in the Aire:
Which *loue* his lightning Fire, nor his fierce thret,
Nor Fate, nor Fortune, nor ought els doth feare.
Founded it is ypon two running Wheelles,
The Gates of dust and winde (still turning reeles.)

Thousands of Motes are digd about the same,
Which are capritious Humors fond and Toyes:
The Skouts and Guards therof, Hopes dead and vaine,
The Food therein preparte, false fleeting loyes;
The fencing Walles are framde of fierce Desire,
Which dreads nor Sea, nor earth, nor force, nor fire,

The Armour, framed are in running Head,
Of foolish Boldnes, and of pensiuue Feare,
Which None knowes how they should be managed,
Nor how the same gainst others right to beare:
The Shot, Munition, and Artillerie,
Are diuers Thoughts, which in the Fancie lie.

The Castellane doth fight against himselfe,
Hauing nought els his souldiers for to pay,
But with Ambition which is all his wealth:
Iudge then my state, and marke my firmest stay.
O **L O V E** how long learne shall I in thy Schoole?
The more I learne, I (still) doe proue more Foole,

Swift

14
ALBA.

Swift roling Spheares, cleere burning Lamps diuine,
That with your beames disgrace the glorious Sunne:
Faire Ladders by which I to Heauen clime,
And by your Influence this rare course doe runne,
Ah, if not quickly hither you returne,
Too late (in vaine) my losse you then shall mourne.

My Spirits for you did seeke to ope each way,
That you might passage make into my Hart,
And ioyfull were they when you there did stay,
But sorrowfull when you from thence did part.
And now my Soule is summond by Despaire,
For want of you his only Hope and Care.

All comfortles I liue here all alone,
Banisht from Mirth, and Bondsclaue vnto Noy:
Feeding my selfe (now you from hence are gone)
With sweete Remembrance of forepassed ioy,
And with kinde Hope: these twaine together strue
To keepe me, gainst despairing Thoughts alieue.

The first, doth ALBA selfe (for my reliefe)
Present (of which I am now disposselt)
The other doth abate each swelling griefe,
Which els my Hart would ouermuch molest.
Ah pleasing Hope, ah grations Memorie,
You make me liue, which els of force should die.

Without

ALBA.

Without my Sunne, I liue in darksome shade,
While I with sighing spend my hatefull daies,
And in L o v e s Sea without my Pilot wade,
While storme my leaking Barke to sinke assaies :
I languish malcontent, deepe drownde in Care,
Witnes mine Eyes, that running fountaines are.

Thou Northwest Village farre from mine abode,
Which dost enjoy my Mistris presence faire :
Ah happie art thou where she makes her rode,
And where she bides whose selfe hath no compare.
Happie art thou, but most vnhappy I,
Thou dost possesse, I want her companie.

Faine would I (for long since I vow did take)
As painfull Pilgrim in deuoutfull wise,
A voyage in that Holy land to make,
At my tweete Saint her Shrine to sacrifice,
Where (for Oblation) I my Hart would offer,
Not doubting but she would accept the proffer.

But to no end I wish, it is in vaine,
A lesser Fauour should contenten mee:
It should suffice me if I might but gaine
A sight of her, Her once more for to see.
Alack, this is not ouermuch I craue,
Only her sight, not her, tis I would haue.

15
ALBA.

Sad Teares, that from my melfull Hart doe runne,
Thrust forth through watrie Eyes by Sorrow kinde:
If you into L O V E s paths by chance shall come,
Where he doth walke, and pitie thinke to finde:
In vaine then doe you stirre abroad, in vaine
You lose your trauaile, labour, and your paine.

For whilst the way vnto an Humour new
You open wide, fierce A L B A shuttereth close
Her breast from mercie, making me to rew,
And for your Friendship, counts you as her foes:
Wherein, she doth a damd Example show,
Forcing her Hart gainst Conscience hers to goe.

Then wofull reares what will you doe as now?
L O V E 's dead and gone, all pitie is exilde:
Skornd is my Constancie and loyall Vow,
And through Disdaine I daily am reuilde.
My Hopes are blasted, and as withered seeme,
Whilst still Disgraces shew before me Greene.

Come then, turne backe, and with me secretlie
Bewaile my torment, least my Hart appeere
A senseles stone, through proud Impietie:
And my blinde eyes a fountaine running cleere.
And since not any will our Griefes bemone,
Lets swallow downe our Sorrowes all alone.

L O V E

ALBA.

L O V E hath me bound once more to make the way,
From whence my Hart hath neuer yet decline:
And doubts least He, from rightest paths should stray,
Because so weake and crased I him finde:

And marueile none, he wants his wonted sight,
How can he iourne then but Sauns delight.

The fillie Wretch lookes vp, yet nought can see;
As who should say, my Helpe comes from Aboue:
Yet grieues his seruice is not tooke boun gree,
Since tis rethinde from Thought of purest Loue.

My Minde doth burne in frost, but not in fire,
Through vncouth passion barde from his Desire.

My Hart is like a Widower that's disdainde;
My soule a Figure of a **MALCONTENT**,
To see that **L O V E** thus vildly should be stainde,
Not to requite, where nought but Loue is ment.

But I doe see no pitie is in spite,
Where Malice raignes, Desert is banisht quite.

My Soule vpon my Hart for this doth plaine,
My Hart (again) my Fancie doth accuse:
My Fancie saith, mine Eyes were too too blame,
Their ouer-boldnes wrought this great Abuse.

Alas poore Eyes, too dearly doe you pay,
When for one Fault your Light is tooke away.

116
ALBA.

Thy whitenes (**ALBA**) I may well compare
To *Delia*, when no clowde doth her obscure:
Thy haire to *Phabus* lightning in the Aire,
When he doth shine with greatest Luster pure,
Thy diamond eyes, like to a frostie Night,
Where sparkling stars doe shooting take their flight.

Thy cheekes *Aurora* like, when with her Dew,
The Rose and Lillie she doth sprinkle sweete:
Resembling drops that seeded Pearle doe shew,
As if that double Beautie did them greete.
Thy Hand, no hand, it is the daintie Gloue,
Which *Psyche* wore, when she was wed to **LOVE**.

VVhat art thou, but All faire in outward shew,
But inwardly th'art Cruel and vnkinde:
In thy faire Face all Favours sweet doe grow,
But Thornes and Briars in thy Hart I finde:
With a few of sweet thou lur'st and dost entise,
But bitterly thou mak'st them pay the price.

Thou cruell lead'st my life to dismall Death,
My hope from all her loyes thou dost confine:
Thou art the corde that stopst my vitall breath,
And Armes with Armes against me dost conioyne.
Thou only art the **SHE** that's fens't with hate,
And dost thy selfe of pitie naked make,

Tried

ALBA.

Tirde with a Burthen of Extremities,
Which breakes, not bowes, my wofull Hart in twaine,
And checkt with chiefest Mate of Miseries,
I linger out my lothed life in paine.

Then death, not life, I may this liuing call,
Where ceasles Noy, not ioy, doth me befall.

Black gloomy Thoughts ^{as ore} me doe tyrannise,
And to my Soule appoynted faithfull Guides,
Doe her deceiue, with her they subtellise,
Nor in this ill to comfort me None bides.

All my best Hopes are at an Ebbing low,
Whilst stealing yeares, with griefes encreasing grow.

What shall I doe? shall I to reason turne?
Oh no, for her I too much haue offended.
What, shal I goe to L o v e, and to him mourne
For aide, and promise all shall be amended?

Alas, it were in vaine, and labour lost,
Where he doth promise, he deceiueh most.

See then ye fond Desires, what you haue done,
By headstrong Will, sage Reason to deprauce:
But what shall I, as now resolute vpon?
Whom shall I trust? of whom helpe shall I craue?
Euen her who first betraide me will I trust,
She can but be (as she hath been) vniust.

Come

ALBA.

Come gentle sleepe (sweet sleepe) my welcome Friend,
 Come comfort me with shadow of my Loue,
 And her, in vision quickly to me send,
 For whom these griefes and bitter pangs I proue.
 Black Night be thou far darker then thou art,
 Thy chiefeft Beautie is to be most darke.

By thee my peace and pleasure doth arise,
 Whilst I through thy deceit (yet liking me)
 Doe seeme to ioy with her in louely wise,
 Although from hence (God knowes) far off she be.
 Such is the pleasure that herein I take,
 As more I could not ioy, were I awake.

Thou shewst to me the trammels of her Haire,
 Clept SCALA COELI, locks of pure Delight:
 Her snowy Neck, the cause of my sweete Care;
 Her eyes like Saphires sparkling in the night
 With ot' er sights, vnseemly to be knowne:
 Al these sweet sleep, through thee to me are showne.

Only in this (my thinks) th'art too vnkinde,
 That when thou partst from me, all ioy doth part:
 Nor any such thing left with me I finde,
 Which then afresh renews mine inward smart,
 Then since her selfe (I waking) cannot haue,
 Sleeping let me her shadow of thee craue.

C

Like

ALBAN

Like as the painefull Marchant venterer,
That is to leaue his sweetest natiue soyle,
Being bound vnto some strangy Countrie far,
Whome hope of gaine doth restles make to toyle;
Taking his leaue of his deare Familie,
Through feare & hope, makes them to liue and die.

But afterward when he hath crost the Seas,
Fraughting his ship with richest marchandise,
He then begins to frolicke, Hearts at ease,
And hoyseth vp his sailes in cheerefull wise,
Searching by skill the shortest cut to take,
Of this his wearie iourney, end to make.

When being almost tired, at the last
He is in kenning of his wished Home,
And when hauing of his Natiue Aire a taste,
Twixt ioy and grieve, his very soule doth grone,
For grieve, his Countrie he so long did in
For ioy, that Home he now returned is,

So fare I: for when I doe call to minde
The time in which my Libertie was lost,
I shed salt teares, to thinke how I did binde
My selfe, being free, as slaue vnto my cost:
But when I hope one day I shall be free,
(Through my sweet Saint) my hart doth leap for glee.

18
ALBA.

As many fierie darts as Ioue on high,
Dingde downe on Giants in his angrie mood,
So many whirle about my Bodie nigh.
As longing caueles for my guiltles blood,
The frighted Aire raine Ashes downe apace,
And cheerefull sunne flies hence to hide his face.

Thus stand I in a Maze of Miserie,
My Heart (seeing nought but signes of present death)
Seekes how with clipped wings away to flie,
And faine would scape to saue his vitall breath.
Ah pouer wretch, but how ist possible?
I know not how, nor he himselte can tell,

The world's his foe, and L O V E doth him betraie,
Despaire of helpe, his senses doth confound,
His cursed Guide (for nonce) leades him astraie,
Fortune accuseth him on no sure ground.
And which doth gaule him most, & most doth grieue,
His Mistis rash, gainst him doth iudgement giue.

He Mercie cries, and calleth for his Booke,
But proude Disdaigne doth stop the Iudges eares,
So that on him she'le not so much as looke,
And thus from Barre, they quickelie doe him beare,
From ALBA's presence is he quite debarde,
Exilde from Her, this is his sentence harde.

ALBA.

Great state and pomp this princely pallace shoves,
And richly every chamber hanged is:
Mine entertainment daily sweeter grows,
What Hart or thought can gesse, I doe not misse.
Chiefly the Walkes, and Gardens wondrous been,
As they a second Paradise doe seeine.

Yet though I finde this kindnes passing gear,
VVith hunting, hawking, fowling, and such sport:
For all our feasting and our daintie meate,
Our mirth and Musick in most pleasing sort:
For all these pleasures, yet liue I in paine,
Since Her I want, for whom I wish in vaine;

VVhat others loue, I lothe, and quite dislike;
And though I am in worthie companie,
Yet still (my thinks) I am retired quite,
Into a place of matchles miserie,
Into an vncouth wood and wildernes,
VVhere liue such Beasts as pray on Saungenes.

And if that long from her I be depriu'd,
My life shall be like flowers that want the Sun:
So shall I yeeld my Ghost as one disliu'd,
VVhilst my threds life shall quickly be vnspun.
Go skalding sighs then, flie vnto her strait,
Say that for life or death on her I waite.

19

ALBA

You stately Hills, you princelike Ruins olde,
Which proudly in your last remainders show,
And who as yet the name of faire *Rome* holde,
To whom did once the whole world homage owe,
The place where (now) so many Reliques lie,
Of Holy soules honored for Christ to die.

You Theaters, you Conquerors Arches faire,
Colosses huge, and massie Pillers great,
Triumphant Showes of more then Glory rare,
Where Victorie with pomp did take their seate:
Lo what a wonder strange in you is wrought,
You now are dust, confumde (as were) to nought.

Though conquering War, doth make in time to come,
Many things flourish, and with Fame to rise:
Yet in the end when all is past and done,
Time doth All this consume in spitefull wise,
All Monuments, all Monarchs that haue been,
Time in the end destroyes, and weares out cleane.

And since tis so, I will contented liue
In discontent: for if that Time can make
An end of All, and end to each thing giue,
(May be) some order he for me will take,
(May be) in th'end when I shall tried bee
To th' utmost, I my guerdon iust may see.

Roma.

C 3

ALBA

You

ALBA.

ALBA thinkst thou, thy Month shall still be **MAY**,
And that thy Colour fresh, still faire will be?
That Time and Fortune will not weare away
Beautie, which God and Nature lends to thee?

Yes, yes, that white and red, thy Cheekes now show
Shall quicklie change, and blacke and yellow grow.

The Giniper the longer it doth flower,
The older still it waxeth, bowing still,
And that sweete face of thine, which now hath power
Whole worlds with wondering at the same to fill,
Shall (though it now sauns blemish be) a Staine,
Hereafter with thicke wrinkeled Clifts remaine.

Great care to keepe this Beautie fraile must be,
Which we (God knowes) a small time doe enioy,
Doe what we can, we lose it suddenlie;
Why, then, being courted shouldst thou seeme so coy,
Fortunes wings made of Times feathers neere stay
But care thou them canst measure flit away.

Then be not ouer hard, like changeles Fate,
But let my Cries force thee (at last) relent,
Doe not oppose thy selfe too obstinate
Gainst him, whose time to honor thee is spent:
Ah let me speake the trueth (though somewhat bold
Though now th'art young, thou one day must be old

ALBA.

Riders of gorie blood into the Sea,
 In sted of Waters shall most swiftlie runne;
 The hugie Ocean drie as land shall be,
 And darke as pitch shall shew the glistering Sunne:
 L O V E shall of Loue, and kindenes be depriude,
 And vastie world (sauns people) shall abide.

The Night shall lightsome be as Day most plaine,
 The Heauens with their coloured cloudes shall fall,
 Fore L O V E in me, a new I D E A frame,
 Or my firme Heart, from A L B A alter shall,
 Ah fore I change, let horror stop my breth,
 Vnworthie Her, vnworthie of this earth.

As heretofore, so still I will her loue,
 Nere shall my constant Heart lie languishing,
 In hope another Beautie for to proue,
 Which fitting fancie to mine eyes might bring:
 My fath *Acanthus* like shall flourish greene;
 Which th'older tis, the fresher still is seene.

I am no glasse, but perfect Diamond,
 My constant minde holdes still where first it tooke,
 Though not my selfe, my soule's in English ground,
 I T A L I A N S lookes, but not there L O V E S I brooke.
 The Globelike World is round, and hath no end,
 Such is my Faith to her, my Fairest frend.

Fano.

C 4

Goldc's

ALBA.

Gold's change to Lead, and Emmeralds into Glasse,
Lillies proue Weedes, and Roses Nettles bee:
No harmles Beasts now through the fields doe passe,
To feede on Hill or Valleys shade we see:
 Wilde Tigers fierce, and rauenous Lions fell,
 In open Plaine, and cooly Groues doe dwell.

In stead of milde and pleasing Accents sweete,
From hollow Places fearfull Voices sound:
Eccho amongst the craggie rocks doth weepe,
And (heauie) makes her noyse with sighs rebound.
 Riuers against their wonted course do runne,
 The Moone lookes black, eclipsed is the Sunne.

The Sallow shakes his boughes, and inward grieues,
The Cypresse shew'th as if he sickly were,
And (melancholy) bares his lothed leaues,
A signe presaging some great cause of feare.
 Phæbus no more doth combe his tresses faire,
 But careles lets them feltred hang in th'aire.

Ghosts through the Citie ghastfully appeere,
And hideous shapes the mindes of men afright:
No Day we haue, but darknes euery where,
And turnd the World is topsie turuy quite,
 The cause of all this change is my faire Loue,
 Since to the countrie (hence) she doth remoue.

21
ALBA.

On bended knees low groueling on the ground,
Before the CAVEL FAIRE I prostrate lay :
But what I sought of Her could not be found,
My kinde request was dasht with ruffe Denay.
With me she sharply gan expostulate,
Nor would she once pitie my hard Estate.

Teares I did shed, but teares I shed in vaine;
Vowes I did make, my Vowes she did reiect;
Prayers I offred, Prayers she did disdaine;
Presents I sent, but them sh'would not accept.
If teares, vowes, prayers, nor presents can doe good,
What then remaines, but for to offer blood?

Then Cruell take this Blood, Oblations Fee,
Which at thy shrine from Hart I sacrifice :
I know twill doe thee good and liketh thee,
And I bestow it in most hartie wise.
Neuer so much I of my life did make,
But that I could dispend it for thy sake.

What needst thou then ad water to the Seas,
Beames to the Sunne, or light vnto the Day,
When I more readie am, if so thou please,
My selfe to kill, then thou my life to slay?
Ah let me know thy minde, thus vex not still,
A kinde of Pitie tis, quickly to kill.

ALB A.

In stately Bed twixt sheetes more white then snow,
Where late my Pearle mine ALB A faire did lie,
I restlesse vp and downe toss to and fro,
Whilst trickling teares distill from blubbred eye.

Ah gentle sleepe do thou deuise some Meane,
For comfort mine, whilst I of her shall dreame.

You downy Pillowes, you which but of late,
Her daintie selfe did kindly entertaine,
(Once) of two louing Bodies charge do take,
By your soft yeelding, call her back againe:

For she is gone, and *Troynonant* hath left,
And being gone, my hart with her hath rest.

For both of vs here's routme enough to see,
We both in rest with ease may here remaine,
And here two soules (vnited) one, shall bee,
Two bodies (ioynd together) One, not twaine,
But tis in vaine, for were she here I know,
Though you agree, agree she would not so.

Yet call her back, and pray to her for me,
For I am hoarse with praying ouer long.
Ah to no purpose tis to call, I see,
She cannot heare, she too too farre is gon.

Yet will I still her praises haroldise,
And mongst the beautilous Saints her canonise.

Hearc

ALBA.

Heare me, a Martyr for religious Loue,
 Thou Faire Tormentor, (Motive of my paine)
 All Racks and Tortors gainst my patience proue,
 And when th'hast done, begin afresh againe.
 Wearie shalt thou be of tormenting me,
 Before I griued at these plagues will be.

Too deare I prise thy beautie to repent,
 Or wish I had not such sower stormes endur'd:
 Though I thy hard hart finde nere to relent,
 Custome and time, to woes haue me inur'd.
 What ill so great but I would willing take,
 And beare the brunt assur'd of thy sweet sake.

The sweet remembrance of thy sight of yore,
 Th'only companion is of my deare life,
 Thy presence was, which absent I adore,
 My paradise and place of ioy most rife.
 So I al ne am not, though None's with mee,
 And was in Heauen, when I thy face did see.

But this thou thinkst not of, this is least part
 Now of thy minde, nor hast thou hereof care:
 This neuer comes God knowes into thy hart,
 But as heat's ioynd with fire, and breath with aire:
 So crueltie in Womens stomacks dwels,
 Which with Disdaine (as Furie) alwaies swels.

Ye

ALBA.

Ye Valleys deep withouten bottome found;
Ye Hills that match with height the azure skie;
Ye Caues by Nature hollow vnder ground,
Where quiet rest and silence alwaies lie,
Thou gloomy Aire which euer to the sight
Bringst darknes still, but neuer cheerfull light.

Ye vncouth Paths, ye solitarie walks,
Ye breakneck Rocks, most ghastly for to see,
Ye dreadfull Dens where neuer any stalks,
And where scarce hissing Serpents dare to bee;
Ye fatall Vaults where murdred Corpes lie,
Haunted with hatefull sprites continuallie.

Ye Wildernesess and ye Deserts wilde,
Ye strangie Shores nere yet inhabited,
Ye Places from all pleasures quite exilede,
Where sad Melancholy and Griefe is fled,
Heare me, who am a shadow and a Ghost,
Damnd with eternall sorrow to be crost.

Heare me, since I am come for to bewaile,
Mongst you, my Faith, my Constancie, and Loue,
I hope with my lowd Cries and drerie Tale,
Though not the Heauens, yet Hell at least to moue:
Since more the Griefes are which within me grow,
Then Heauen hath Pleasures, or Hel, Plagues below.

How

ALBA.

How can the ship be guided without Helme,
 The storme arising in a troubled Sea?
 Needs must the churlish Waues it ouerwhelme,
 Needs must it drowne, and cast away must bee.
 How should I liue, and not my life enioy?
 Feeding on Griefe, what should I taste but Noy?

Ah *Cupid* thinke vpon thy Seruant true,
 craue for my Deserts but some reward?
 Iecke mine Owne, not more then is my due,
 Hate for Goodwill to reape is too too hard.
 If I for Well with Ill am payd againe,
 Had I done ill, what then had bin my paine?

Loue with Remembrance lieth in my breast;
 All other Thoughts he cancels out of minde:
 To thinke whats past I cannot quiet rest,
 Yet I in those Conceits strange Ioy doe finde,
 Whilst now for her I think All I forsooke,
 And wholly to her Grace my selfe betooke.

My wonted Mirth is turned into Mone,
 Because my state is change and altered quite:
 In company I am as One alone,
 Whilst what doth Others please, doth me dispire.
 Ah when shall I once from these Plagues be free?
 Neuer, lesse ALBA Mercie shew to mee.

My

ALBA.

My ioyles Hart a troubled Spring is like;
Which from the top of matchles Alpes most hie,
Falls with a mightie noise downe headlong right,
By vncouth stony wayes most dreadfully,
Where all his Hopes he in the Deepe doth drowne,
A fatall signe of fortunes beaue frowne.

Darke pitchie clowdes of hugie Mountaines steepe,
The loftiest part do hide from Sunny heate:
Seeld any winde of Pitie there doth flete,
Them to dissolue, their thicknes is so great.
For no calme Aire of gentle Loue doth blow,
Where swelling Anger frets in furious show.

Thence doth my Tributarie Hart forth send,
Through peable stones, now here, now there along,
A little Brooke into the Sea to wend,
As signe that I my dutie would not wrong:
For ALBA mine, (Degtee aboue Compare)
A large Sea is of fundrie Beauties rare.

A bitter cause, me bitter teares makes shed,
Whose enuious Stepdame is a Froward Will,
Which is by Selfe conceit too wanton fed,
Th'efficient cause that I these drops distill:
Which though in outward shew you white them see,
Yet pure Red blood they in my Bodie bee.

ALBA

Let baseborne Mindes of basest matters treat;
My selfe (with them) to trouble I not lift:
The vulgar sort (they know not what) do speake,
Whilst gainst the Truth and Vertue they persist.
H O N O R 's the marke whereat I seeke to aime,
Shame light on them that think on beastly shame.

To many men, so many Mindes (they say) I see,
Yet at the last Truth alwaies shall preuaile,
Bringing her vowed Foe vnto her bay,
Falshood (I meane) for all her masked Vail.
No Woman blame I, only I do seeke,
Swanlike to sing, of my faire Sunne I looke.

The Beauries which in other Ladies be,
I neuer had once thought for to disgrace,
Mine A L B A hath enough in store for me,
Thousand of Amours finde I in her face:
Her world I praise, whose look haue please me euer,
From whom in hart disioynd I will be neuer.

Faine would I make mine infant Pen to swell,
I through feruent zeale to blaze her Decree,
That he her praise as Oracle might tell,
Raising the same t' the skies bright Canopie:
That she (since she deserves) might famous bee,
Beyond the Bounds of Albions vtmost Sea.

The

The Conclusion of the first Part.

WHo so acquainted is not with my minde,
Nor knowes the Subiect faire of whom I write,
Nor how mine ALBA me, to her doth binde,
Of whom I still discourse, talke, and endite.
How I doe hope, how I doe feare and griue,
How I doe die, and how (again) I lue.

Let him but LOVE seeke out, and him demanda;
And he shall wonders strange to him declare,
Such as at Beauties gaze shall make him stand,
So exquisite, so strange, they be and rare,
Heele tell him of so rich a Precious stone,
As like before hath been enioyde of none.

And if he be desirous for to know,
The Heauen where my faire Angell doth abide,
Northwest from Troynouant he will him shew,
Alongst which place, faire MERSIE cleere doth glide.
WAR IN that TOWNE, LOVE (Lordlike) epeth still,
Yet she (ore him) triumphs with chastest will.

Some say she's Louchy Browne; but I dare say
She is Faire, BEAUV? SE, so Faire as Faire may be,
Fairer then is the breake of beauntious Day,
When sweete Aurora smileth in her glee.
But why doe I praise her selfe praising Face?
I praise her not, tis she, (her selfe) doth grace.

R. T.

THE
SECOND PART
OF THE MONETHS
MIND OF A MELAN-
CHOLY LOVER.

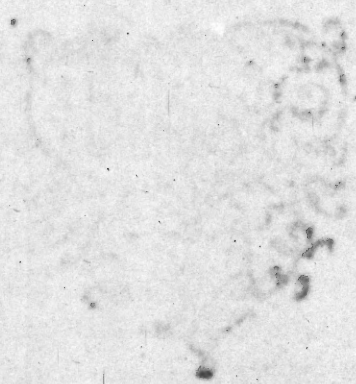
By R. T. Gentleman.



AT LONDON.

Printed by Felix Kingston, for Matthew
Lownes. 1598.

THE
SECOND PART
OF THE MONTHLY
MIND OF THE
CHRISTIAN
By A. A. Cunningham



NOT FOR SALE
BY THE
LIBRARY

T
fer
ho
V
T
lou
My
fl
To
H
I
Mal
V
My
Tha
M
M
V
Ar
Her
My

Alia Crudelissima.

THese few (yet zealous) lines comes from my hart,
 Dried with my Sighs, and written with my Teares,
 I send to her the Author of my smart,
 I though (subtill Serpent like) she stop her eares:
 VVho, more to her I sue, her Grace to gaine,
 The more incensd against me doth remaine.

I loue not I to pharisee, nor praise
 My selfe, for to her owne selfe I appeale,
 If I deuoted haue not bin alwaies,
 To do her good, as one that sought her weale:
 Heauens I forswear, and vtterly abiure,
 If that my Faith be tainted or vnpure.

Malleuolent, Malicious, Planet, Starte,
 VVas it my Fortune, so for to be borne,
 My COTE so true, to haue so crosse a BAR,
 That for my seruice thus she should me skorne?
 Must my sincere Sunne eclipsed be with Spite?
 Must enuious Clowdes still seeke to dark my Light?

What remedie? Ile think twas Fortune mine,
 (And not her fault) that wrought me all this paine:
 Her Crueltie twas not, but Destinie mine,
 My selfe, not she, was cause of mine owne bane:
 Yet shal I world by this my LOVES MONTHS MIND,
 Aghast Fault, though no Follie in her finde.

D a

Since

ALBA.

Since that mine ALBA tooke her leaue of mee,
I leaue haue tooke of pleasure and of ioy:
And did with sorrow at that time agree,
To sojorne with him in his chiefe Annoy.

My Woes (still greene) encrease continually,
Which faine I would, but cannot remedie.

And were it not but that my dauntlesse Hart,
Doth comfort me with hope of better cheere,
I soone would rid me of this vncouth smart,
And leaue this life which I haue bought too deare.
Oft do I weep to LOVE, and him I pray,
Either to ease my paines, or me to slay.

Yet though I beg, I finde but small reliefe,
As do at Rich mens gates the Needy poore:
Who more they crie to aggrauate their grieve,
The lesse they finde their Almes at the doore.
So LOVE, the more my cries I to him send,
The lesse my plaints, he skornefull doth attend.

And yet my sute is small, small is the Grace
That I desire, (for somewhat I deserue)
Tis only for to die before her face,
From whom in Dutie (yet) I nere did swerue:
That she might know my life doth me annoy,
Vnles I might her company enjoy.

Ladie

ALBA.

Ladie, when first vpon faire *Venus* Day,
I came acquainted with thy seemely selfe,
And vowde thy loyall Votarie to stay,
Proffring to thee my liuing, life and welth:
As I was then, so am I still the same,
Neuer to change, for change exchangeth shame.

Within the Center of mine inward Hart,
(As signe of euerlasting Monument,
Which fatall Death shall hardly from me part)
Thy high prizde Loue full surely haue I pent,
Neuer to be remou'd, but there to lie,
World without end for aye, continuallie.

For thee I longde, for thee I much did dare,
For thee I hope and feard, bid sweet and sower:
Liking thee, I, for Others did not care,
Ore this my Hart thou hadst so great a power,
All other Faces, (in respect of thinge)
I skorne as Masks, thou only seemst Diuine.

Since *L O V E*, then me with such affection framde,
That he hath me adopted Thine, alone,
That I delight not but to heare thee namde,
And only like to heare thy praises showne.
Ah keepe thy plighted Faith vntainde to me,
Though now farre off from hence thou Absent be.

ALBA.

Disdaine assaulted hath mine ALBA faire,
Fixing fast foot deep in her marble brest:
A blacksome Clowde hath darkt my beautious Aire,
Where cheerfull Sunne before with smile did rest.
She most vnlike her selfe a Tyrant shoves,
Whilst as a Tiger mad with rage she growes,

All for her pleasure (me for to displease)
Pitie she bandies from her tender hart:
Poyson, not honey, now must her appease:
Yet my Desire runs headlong to his smart,
Headlong he runs to her spite-tainted minde,
Which ouer fierce and cruell he doth finde.

My hopeles Chance, through Vaile (as twere) I see,
Her quondam beautious eyes are bloodshot now:
Exorde, desirde, intreated, they'le not be,
They'le not relent, repent, nor yeeld or bow:
Lightnings of Anger they do shew arigh,
Thunders of Furie darting forth despight.

The dangers great my harmeles Hart doth spie,
Yet for all this, from her he'le not retire:
And whilst more humble he fore her doth lie,
The more she sullen swels with wrathfull Ire.
A Monster then I may her mirorise,
Since she delights in such strange Tragedies.

Dried

28
ALBA.

Dried hath th'inurious Feuer those faire Flowers,
VWhich in the cheekes of my faire ALBA lay:
Scorcht are those paradized coloured Bowers,
LOVES LORRIE where he wantonly did play:
Yet not extinguisht is mine amorous flame,
Some sparkes are yet remainders of the same.

As she lookes now, so lookes the Moone in skies,
When mongst the gloomie clowdes portending raine,
She with her watrie horned head forth pries,
Spreading abroad her dewie beames amaine:
So we *Aurora* vse for to depaint,
Mongst palish violets, when she looketh faint.

Pitie is mixt with grieve in her faire face,
And Grieve with Pitie in the same conioyne,
Where LOVE (though sick) sits with a louely grace,
In midst of sickly palenes in her eyne.
Sicknes it selfe so louely nere did looke,
But since her Inne in ALBA'S breast she tooke,

That stately Haughtines she had before,
Now changde is into low Humilitie:
And that same glance that faithles was of yore,
Now faithfull sheweth and full of Loyaltie.
So with her Colour if she did Cruell take,
Yet Pitifull her Palenes doth her make.

ALBA.

Like bloodie Lion, or a stinging Snake,
With proud Disdaine to aggrauate my smart,
Loue into me (vnaskt) his way doth take,
Died all with blood, (and Blood tis of my Hart)
Which wounded deepe, still languishing doth lie,
Expecting euery minute when to die.

Thousands of Wounds my life hath quite bereft,
And wanting blood, Palenes sits in my face:
My soule this Corse (his mansion House) hath left,
Nor dares he back retire to his old place.
This Martyrdome, although there's many see,
None me carefleth, or doth comfort mee.

My Life runnes fondly to his mortall Foe,
Hoping for Help, where he his hurt did finde:
My spirits after him amaine doe goe,
Whilst liueles Bodie doth remaine behinde,
On which grim death doth seaze, as on his pray,
And of his breath to reauc him doth assay.

A farre off Peace I see, but Warre at hand,
Loue single strikes me, (but with double paine)
Kild is my hart by Cruell she's Command,
And he that slew him cleped is Disdaine:
Loe here of my kinde Dame the Exercise,
Hate is her Chapman, Blood her Marchandise.

Praxitiles,

29
ALBA.

Praxitiles, and Myron (workmen rare)
Apelles skilde, learnde Homer (famous wight)
Were these aliue, the Picture of my Faire
To carue, to cut, to paint, and thereof write,
In marble, brasse, boord, or in bookes at large,
They sone would faint, ore prest with so great charge.

And yet may be her beautilous Countenance,
With chisell, toole, with pensell and with pen,
They rightly might haue shadowed (though by chance)
Because they, in their Age were rarest Men.
But had they come the nobler part to show,
Their cunning then had soone tooke th' overthrow.

If my bright Sunne (renownd *per Excellence,*
Through the illustrious splendar of her gleames)
Doth dimme and darken our Intelligence,
By vertue of her more then radiant beames:
What Hand or Thought in hand could euer take,
A worke so endles, with good end to make?

Deare ALBA I by thee am still forbid,
By Statue, Image, Picture, or by Verse,
To shew the Vertues rare within thee hid,
As not being able least part to rehearse,
It shall suffice (as sacred) I admire,
Thy spotles life, thy more then chaste Desire.

To

ALBA.

Like bloodie Lion, or a stinging Snake,
With proud Disdaine to aggrauate my smart,
Loue into me (vnaskt) his way doth take,
Died all with blood, (and Blood tis of my Hart)
Which wounded deepe, still languishing doth lie,
Expecting euery minute when to die.

Thousands of Wounds my life hath quite bereft,
And wanting blood, Palenes sits in my face:
My soule this Corse (his mansion Houle) hath left,
Nor dares he back retire to his old place.
This Martyrdome, although there's many see,
None me careffeth, or doth comfort mee.

My Life runnes fondly to his mortall Foe,
Hoping for Help, where he his hurt did finde:
My spirits after him amaine doe goe,
Whilst liueles Bodie doth remaine behinde,
On which grim death doth seaze, as on his pray,
And of his breath to reauc him doth assay.

A farre off Peace I see, but Warre at hand,
Loue single strikes me, (but with double paine)
Kild is my hart by Cruell she's Command,
And he that slew him cleped is Disdaine:
Loe here of my kinde Dame the Exercise,
Hate is her Chapman, Blood her Marchandise.

Praxitiles,

ALBA.

Praxitiles, and Myron (workmen rare)
Apelles skilde, learnde *Homer* (famous wight)
 Were these aliue, the Picture of my Faire
 To carue, to cut, to paint, and thereof write,
 In marble, brasse, boord, or in bookes at large,
 They sone would faine, ore prest with so great charge.

And yet may be her beautious Countenance,
 With chisell, toole, with pensell and with pen,
 They rightly might haue shadowed (though by chance)
 Because they, in their Age were rarest Men.
 But had they come the nobler part to show,
 Their cunning then had soone rooke th'ouertrow.

If my bright Sunne (renownd *per Excellence*,
 Through the illustrious splendar of her gleames)
 Doth dimme and darken our Intelligence,
 By vertue of her more then radiant beames:
 What Hand or Thought in hand could euer take,
 A worke so endles, with good end to make?

Deare ALBA I by thee am still forbid,
 By Statue, Image, Picture, or by Verse,
 To shew the Vertues rare within thee hid,
 As not being able least part to rehearse,
 It shall suffice (as sacred) I admire,
 Thy spotles life, thy more then chaste Desire.

To

ALBA.

To thee farre off (from me) these sighs I send,
To thee farre off from Loue, I, neere to die,
To know if thou thy selfewill minde wilt mend,
Desisting from thy hatefull Crueltie.

Beautie if it be milde, it is renound;
If it be proud, a foule reproch tis found.

Thou makst a shew as if thou wouldst be kinde :
But tis a shadow, not a substance right :
For coming vnto triall straight I finde,
Thy sdainfull chast lookes puts my Hope to flight :
Whilst thou dost seeme at these my Woes to grieue,
Yet them with succour neuer dost relieue.

Thy Griefe (for me) a passion's in a play,
Which men doth rauish with Melancholy :
But acted once, and out of sight away,
In minde, no longer there doth stay, but dy :
Thou art the Actor playing such a part,
My griefes neere deeply pearce into thy hart.

O would I could from Reasons Court obtaine,
A *Supersedeas*, L O V E for to remoue,
From out my Breast to thee to ease my paine,
That thou the force thereof a while mightst proue,
But Destinie wils that I thy slaue do stay,
And so I will, who bound is, must obey.

ALBA.

Why haue the Heauens thus changed mine Estate?
 Deseruing well to complot my Decay?
 Why rather was not so ordainde my fate,
 That ALBA nere should wend from me away?
 I neuer changing my first vowed Loue,
 Why should (vnconstant she) from me remoue?

(Fond man) is she vnconstant to be calde,
 Who after course of world doth runne her race?
 Are not all men by fortune puld and halde,
 Neuer to bide (still) in one certaine place?
 Nothing is more commended in the Sea,
 Then th'often Ebbings, and the Flowings be.

Ah ALBA, if thou shouldst continue still
 In one selfe place, t'would be a Paradise:
 But thou (t'allay our proud Affections will)
 T'eclipse thine owne perfections dost deuise,
 Thinking it is enough, if but with eye
 We ioy a small glimpse of thy Maiestie.

Then to encrease our Griefes, thou dost decrease
 Our pleasures, and thy selfe from vs dost hide,
 When we for nothing lookt but peace and ease,
 Euen at thy Best, and in thy Beauties pride.
 But why talke I, where I cannot be hard?
 Or heard she me, she would not me regard.

Where

ALB A.

Where are my Vowes withouten number now?
My teares withouten measure that I shed?
My skalding fighs to make proud ALB A bow?
They all are gone, forgot, quite banished.

Yet though they not deserue her loue they craue,
Me thinks some better fortune they should haue.

But if the Gods in iudgement partiall sit,
Vnequall viewers of each iniurie:
And with condigne reuenge seeke not to quit
So monstrous wrong, such nere heard Crueltie:
Why then I Reason none for Louers see,
That they should bide such paine for loyaltie.

Yet neither Hopes preferment, were it great,
Nor feare of punishment, though to my paine:
Nor counsell of the Wisest that entreat,
Nor company of best where I remaine,
Shall euer make me once my Humour change,
Nor from my first deuoted Vow to range.

My youths chiefe Flower (of all my life the prime)
In melancholy passion I will spend:
Careles behaviour shall my latter time
(Because (forsooke) she cares not for me) end,
Thus will I still continue during breath,
Doting on her, who doth deuise my death.

ALBA.

Fond that I am like Greekish Wrestler vaine;
 Striving to lift a waight impossible,
 I caught so strange incurable a straine,
 As thereby (brused sore) I brainfick fell:
 Fixing my thoughts about my reach, I fall
 Into Disease, without recure at all.

The stately Cedar whose tops seeme in show,
 For height, to reach vnto the azur'd skie,
 Neuer his head bowes to the shrubs below,
 That in the deepe and hollow Valleys lie.
 Th' yuie that climbing vp by th' clime doth runne,
 Neuer can get hold of the beames of Sunne.

ALBA I honor in humilitie,
 Whom none ought, or should dare venter to loue:
 Though I presume with importunitie,
 Sometimes my sute (in vaine) to her to moue:
 For her affections be immortall, rare,
 Her vertues such as infinite they are.

Then suffer me to gaze on ALBA mine,
 With my mindes eyes, though absent now she be:
 I knew when I enioyde her sight (ah happie time)
 That time (I feare) I neuer more shall see.
 But tis all one, for were the Cruell here,
 I of my purpose should be nere the neere,

Am

A L B A.

Am I so mad, to thinke that such a Toy,
As Sorcerie is, should ought preuaile for me,
That witchcraft power hath for to make me ioy;
And cause me here, mine absent Mistres see?
I cannot chuse but thinke all to be tales,
And that Enchantment little here preuailes.

What though the Sunne is darkened by this skill,
And Moone's remoude from out her settled cours;
Wilde beasts made stand, amazed, tame, and still,
And waters turnde from their first wonted sours:
Yet cannot Art, by force make settled Loue,
From his first Center (where he resteth) moue.

The Gods, not men, do rule the inward Hart,
They can appoynt Affection as they please;
Stones, Yearbs, and Words, may vsen be by Art;
Yet these the Louers griefes can smalely ease,
Not *Exorcisms*, *Spels*, *Mettals*, *Planets*, *Fire*,
Can alter once the settled firme Desire.

Then Ile with Discontent be satisfied,
And hopeles liue in hope, though Hope in vaine;
Resolving all base coynes to abide,
Since I despaire her grace for to obtaine:
Vnhappie I, my case ore desperate,
No Skill nor cunning can my paine abate.

Hard

ALBA

Hard hap had I, to fall into thy hand,
 Who giu'st thy selfe to endles crueltie;
 When to thy flintie heart wilt giue command,
 To change his wont, and somewhat gentler be?
 Wilt thou rhy Beautie faire, adulterise,
 And seekst thou still on me to tiranise?

Ist possible thy yeares so few and small,
 So many ancient milchiefes should containe,
 Thy swelling pride, I long haue borne withall,
 Because that Beautie thereof is to blame.
 Which still the more in fairenes it exceeds,
 The more it ioyes in coy disdained deedes.

I grieue at thy deuises gainst me wrought,
 And sorrow, that wits sharper that they show,
 The shroder and vn happier should be thought,
 Prone vnto ill, but vnto Goodnes slow.
 But for .so seeke to murther (through disdaine)
 A harmeles heart, is worse then Murderers staine.

What moues thee then, thy selfe thus to disgrace,
 Vnfitting for thy Sex, where nought should be
 But kindenes milde; far altring from thy face,
 Where nothing but rare beautie we can see?
 If then so faire a Sunne, such foule cloudes hide,
 Let me still in eternall Darkenes bide.

The

ALBA.

The bitter plaints wherewith my soule I wound,
With skalding sighs which smoke from forth my breast;
My cheekes through griefe, pale wan and hollow found;
My troubled Thoughts which reave me of my rest:
Salt warrie teares, which raine from blubbring eye;
Warne blood from Hart distilling inwardly.

The servile yoke which did my freedome breake,
My willing minde to doe what wild Command,
The state wherein I brought my selfe most weake,
The frost and fire wherein I still did stand,
The snare in which L O V E wrapt me so about,
As from the same I nere (yet) could get out.

All these, and many another worser griefe,
Are no such plagues as is that Marble Hart,
(That Marble Hart) that yeelds me no reliefe,
Nor euer sought some comfort to impart.
The revolution of the Heauens, nor any Time,
Can make (that Breast) to yeeld to my Designe.

Vertue doth hinder it, in my despight,
Chaste Honestie maintaines her in her force:
Then L O V E farewell, all Hope Ile banish quite,
I see in Flint is found no kind remorse.

If Teares, Vowes, Gifts, Prayers, Othes no good can
Nor Lowe obtaine; in vaine tis then to sue. (doe,

Deare

33
A L B A

Deare to my Soule (for Deate I may thee call,)
Since thou farre dearer then my selfe I holde,
When wilt thou rid me from this loathed thrall,
In which I am through Fancies bandes enrold?
When wilt thou keepe thy promise vnto mee?
Whereof no deedes, but words I yet can see.

Why (doubtfull still) dost thou my ioyes prolong?
And driuste me of, in dalliance without cause?
Me and thy selfe, why dost thou double wrong?
To keepe thy word, why, so long dost thou pause?
Thus for so lose thy golden time, tis sin,
Which once being past, againe, thou canst not win.

Matters of state we vse to politize,
Procrastinating for aduantage great,
L o v e, lingring hates, and lothes to temporize,
Delaie's too bolde, for his orewarmed heate:
Ah, doe not driue me of thus (still) in vaine,
Still for to lose tis much, once let me gaine,

Dearer to me then th'apple of mine eyes,
Let word and deede, but once for all agree,
Not any can in face thee equalize,
If but a little more thou kinde wouldst be.
Then with allusive Sightes, feede not me still,
But graunt (at last) for to performe my will.

ALB A.

Ye lukewarme Teares which from my neredride eyes,
Streame downe amaine like fountaines day and night
Wende to my Lady in most humble wise,
And shew to her, my most vnhappy plight:
Wende vnto her, who outwardly in shew,
Seemes pittifull, but (inward) is not so.

Weepe you to her and say; Is possible
A Creature that so courteous seemes to all,
Shoulde haue a hart more cruell and more fell
Then Tiger, harder then a stony wall?
Ah why seemes she not inwardly as kinde,
As she doth outward shew, the world to blinde?

This my *Icarian* soaring (boue my reach)
(Through Beautie, serenising fals my Hart)
How I ore bolde, may headlong fall doth reach,
Whilest *L O V E* doth play gainst me a subtile part:
Yet Beauties Birth I am, by her I breath,
Though liue against her fauour and her leaue.

Wilde fire with milke is quencht, rigor with teares,
Yet naught her stubborne minde can mollifie,
Vnto my prayers she stops her deafened eares,
And with Despayre requites my Courtesie,
Thus am I still starre crossed in my Loue,
As one bewicht, with whom no good doth proue.

ALBA.

How long shall I diue in this vastie Sea,
 To finde this Perle, this Orient MARGARITE!
 How long this bottome sounding shall I be?
 Yet nere attaine this precious lewell bright?
 My labors (like to *Hercules*) abound,
 Who more he did, the more so doe, still found.

I am too weake with *Ospiaies* eyes to looke,
 Against the fierie beames of this faire Sun,
 Too great a Burthen haue I fondly tooke,
 For my weake shoulders long since overcome.
 The more I seeke, the farther I, to finde,
 Like to the wretch, that of his sight is blinde.

My brused Bulwarke is not strong enough,
 Fot to resist this beautious Batterie,
 My yoke too small, to draw so huge a plough,
 Mine eyes too dimme, such Brightnes to delcrist
 This shewes, that as vnluckie I was borne,
 To die vnfortunate I must not lorne.

Yet lle not leaue to intercessionate,
 To her hard Breast, for my too gentle Hart:
 That if her Rigor she'le not mitigate,
 At least she'le somewhat ease me of this Smart:
 I onely craue, if she'le not yeelde reliefe,
 T'adiourne my paine, and to proroge my Griefe.

ALBA.

Thrust trebble blessed **BRACELET**, rich in prise,
I enuie not thy perlie fret, nor golde,
But fortune thine, because in happie wife,
The place of perfect pleasure thou dost holde.
About that wrist thou turnst and windst so oft,
More white then Snow, then thistle down more soft.

Base mindes loue Golde, tis not thy Golde I steeme,
For this I onely value thee at much,
Because an Ornament th'art to be seene,
Of her white Hand yclept of right, **NONE SVCH**,
NONE SVCH indeede, whole Beautie is so rare,
As nere the like, attaine the perfects Faire.

This is the cause so highlie I thee rate,
As all the golden Mines of Indian ground,
Nor Seas of Pearle can counteruaile thy state,
Wherein thou art this present to be found:
And, if that trueth I shall confesse indeue,
The wealth of all the world thou dost exceede.

But when I marke, how by strange cunning Art,
Faire louelie Haires, with Pearle and Golde conioyne,
A pleasing ioy doth seaze vpon my Heart,
Whilest with strange pleasures, Fancie feeds my mind:
So as (sweete **BRACELET**) thou dost rightly proue,
To be th' enchantment of bewitching **LOVE**.

ALBA.

Liue Louely Fame, which when thou first didst take,
 Possession of my Heart, wert stony colde,
 And bashfull; but when entrance thou didst make,
 Then, as Triumphant thou didst keepe thy holde:
 Changing both Thought & state, that where before
 Colde chillie Yce was, hot Desire burnt sore.

If I thee honor, worship, serue, and loue,
 He knowes, who guides the restless Globe on high,
 But enuious Fates on me their force doe proue,
 And me, from thee haue banisht spitefully.
 So that more paine I doe each houre abide,
 Then if that thousands sorts of deaths I dide.

But fore that peereles matchles shape of thine,
 (The better part wherein my Soule doth rest)
 Shall out of minde, or memory of mine,
 (Whereby I only happy liue and blest),
 All things shall chaunce, impossible that be,
 My selfe, forget my selfe will I, fore thee.

The Sunne shall lose his power, and darke become,
 The Skies shall melt, and into horror fall,
 The earth shall sinke, the world be quite vndone,
 And fore this chance, all strange things happen shall,
 Though (now) thou bidste in *Albions* fruitfull land,
 And I, where *Mantuan* Duke, his Court doth stand.

Mantina.

E 3

Such

ALBA.

Such as do ligger in Delight and ioy,
And haue what Hart can wish, or Thought deuise,
Spending their time withouten dire Annoy,
Liuing amongst their friends in iocundwise,
And who with Loue of Ladies theirs are blest,
May in *Eternam Requiem*, happie rest.

Me, fillie Trauailer (a pilgrim poore)
(Who through hard hap these blessings all do misse)
Care doth become, since want I do endure
Of Countrie, Friends, and Loue, my chiefest blisse :
And yet this CARE not ill, but well, with mee,
Observing still *Decorum* doth agree.

A Trauailer, farre from his Natiue coast,
With Care doth rise, with Care him downe doth lay :
And though from piller tost he be to poste,
When All him leaue, yet Care with him doth stay.
Not like vaine pleasure, who away doth peake,
When he his Bark through want perceiues to leake.

Thanks then to Care, of Poore the comfort chiefe,
The best companion that we Strangers finde,
In Countries strange forlorne, without reliefe,
Who quiet, gentle, patient is and kinde.
Then constant CARE, not Comfort I do craue,
And (might I chuse) I CARE with L. would haue.

This

ALBA.

This Tower, this Castle, this huge Prison strong,
 Begirt with high and double fenced Wall,
 (Where I to be kept prisoner, thus haue wrong)
 Can neuer hurt, nor do me harme at all:
 Since I was pent here, I am (nothing change)
 But as before, when I abroad still range.

This place restraines my Bodies libertie,
 But hath no power ouer my Thoughts or Minde,
 V Which is the cause I count my selfe most free,
 Though I my selfe in greatest Bondage finde,
 I can so feede on Fancie, and subdue
 Enuie, by sweet Imagination true.

No sweeter Musick to the Miserable,
 Than is Despayre: therefore the more I feele
 Of bitternes, of sorrow sower and fell,
 The more of Sweetnes it doth seeme to yeeld.
 Vaine ' esteeme my life, all libertie,
 Since I do want mine ALBA: Companie.

Use, Miserie hath made familiar now
 V With me, that I count sorrow chiefest Ioy:
 And him the welcomst Guest I do allow,
 That saddest tales can tell of bloodiest Noy.
 Then (Cruell) think what life I still haue led,
 Since so in post away from me th' art fled.

A L B A.

Thrice precious purse, by daintie Hand ywrought,
Of Beauties First Borne, Favours rightfull Heire,
Not for a world of wealth, purchast or bought,
But freely giuen (for Loue) by A L B A faire:

Giuen to me, vnworthie of the same,
As one not meriting so great a Gaine.

Tis not the riches hereof, though tis much,
Nor rarenes of the worke surpassing skill,
That I account of, though that it be such,
As euery eye, with masement it doth fill:
But cause t'was made by that Alconquering Hand,
Whose becke, euē Loues own self doth countermaid.

Dan Fortunatus Bagge, which Histories
Affirme, endles to be for golden store,
And that it helde of Quoyne Infinities,
To this my purse is needy, bale and poore,
Golde in the inside (onely) of his purse wa^r scene,
But mine, hath (alwaies) Golde without and in.

Pure gold tis wrought with, yet her Haires more bright,
Soft is the Silke, more soft her snowie skinne,
Orient the Perle, yet are her teeth more white,
The Cullers rare; her cheekes the prile, the winner:
Ah precious Purse, where what I doe beholde,
Are Cullours rare, fine Perle, soft Silke, pure Golde.

Warne

ALBA.

Warne showers raine fast from forth my blubbred eyes,
 My heauie Thoughts are Clowdes replete with woes:
 Hot liuely Flames from out my breast arise,
 My skalding sighs the wind's that forth them blowes:
 Fire burning *Cancer* and *Aquarius* cold,
 Ore me their powers predominant do hold.

The flames, themselves vp to the heauens lift,
 Where they by thousands round about doe turne:
 The waters runne like to a Torrent swift;
 Hence comes it that my selfe I drowne and burne,
 By reason of two spitefull Qualities,
 (Moysture and Heate) my life in danger lies.

My teares a great streame make, they so abound,
 A quenchles burning this my secret Fire:
 Hope doth despaire, and there her selfe hath drownde,
 And Hart to cinders burnes through hot Desire:
 Fancie with frolike, and doth still reuiue,
 Reason's so sick, not long sheele keepe aliue.

ALBA my Teares accounteth as a Toy,
 And for a sport mine ardent Heat she holds:
 For in her eyes, *Cocytus* (me to noy)
 And *Phlegeton* in breast she fierce enfolds.
 Thus she my Hart doth still anatomise,
 With keenest raor of her Crueltise.

ALBA.

Haires louely Browne immur'd with pearle and gold,
How ill fits you this Ribbon Carnarine,
Since I no more your Mistris now behold,
Of my disaster, most vnlucky signe,

Who to me gaue this Bracelet for a FAVOUR,
A work by Beautie framde through L O V E s true la-
(bour.

How often would she, bout my Wrist still prie,
And vnderminde me (by deuise) as twere,
Making a shew of Doubt and Ielousie,
As if I it forgot bout me to beare?

But now I feare me, through her staying ore long,
Both L O V E, Her self, and Me, she much doth wrong.

VVho euer saw a Beautie such, so faire,
Lodgde in a subiect so vnconstant sound?

VVho euer saw more loyall Louer rare,
To such hard Fortune (causeles) to be bound?

Ah why is not (as is her face) her Minde?

Th'one's Faire, the other, I Forgetfull finde.

Then louely Haires, my dearest Harts best Ease,
You must from Handwrist mine to Harband black;
There must you bide, though me it doth displease,
Since whom I would, I most of all do lack.

This fable place doth fit you best to mourne,
Where you vnscene, shall lie till she returne.

38
ALBA.

Ah happie Handkercher, that keepst the signe,
As only Monument vnto my Fame)
How deare my Loue was to sweet ALBA mine,
VVhen (so) to shew my Loue she did me blame.
Relique of LOVE I do not enuie thee,
Though whom thy Master cannot, thou dost see.

Only let me intreat this Fauour small,
VVhen in her chamber all alone by chance,
Open her pretie Casket for some work she shall,
And hap her eye on thee vnwares to glance:
Ah, then the colour of her face but marke,
And thou by that shalt know her inward hart.

If she shall blush, and grieue, thee so to view,
And wistly cast on thee a piteous eye,
It is a signe her loue continues true,
And that her faith she doth not falsifie.
Ah, then (a fresh) (her faith more firme to moue)
Bleed thou againe, for to reuiue her Loue.

But if she (seeing thee) no account doth make,
Flinging 'hee here and there without regard:
Know then expired is my louing Date,
My Hope deceiu'd, my Fortune ouer hard.
Yet if she doth but sighing say to thee,
(Softly) (Farewell deare SERVANT) happie mee.

Those

ALB A.

Those ebbon windowes sweete, those cheerfull eyes,
Where LOVE (at LAVVGH and sweete looke on) doth
Are on the sudden change in strangie wise, (play
And do Disdaines Ensigne (gainst me) display:
Darke now they seeme, and lower, ore paining bad,
Making my life seeme to me black and sad.

Those cheerfull eyes, which wont to comfort me,
And to mine hungrie soule yeeld nourishment,
Denie me food, nor will they pleased be,
But mew me vp, as starueling closely pent,
My walks I vnde, which faire and easie were,
Are stoppt with blood-drawing brables euey where.

My crased hart thus skorned for his Loue,
And plagude with proud disdain and sdainfull Pride,
Wailes so as would a Rock (though flintie) moue:
Nor better course hath this Disgrace to bide,
Then sighs and Teares, which forth he seads apace,
And dained like) still begs, but nere finds grace.

Sweet stay of my weake tottring life nie false,
Baine to my wounds, and Cordiall to my grieffe,
Light to my darknes, to my storme, milde Calme,
Ease to my paine, and to my want, Reliefe.
Ah who hath now (and that so suddenly)
Of pittie thee depriu'd, to make me die?

Poore

ALBA.

Poore wasted Hart that wandrest not astray,
 Although thy PEARLE her orient colour change:
 Thou, which in thy first Faith vntaind dost stay,
 Although she from her plighted vow doth range.
 Ah, where are now thy cheerfull daies of Hope?
 Thy Liues line, Loue, what wretched hād hath broke?

Alas, poore soule, how badly art thou vnde,
 For thy much louing (louing ouer long?)
 Causeles without desert to be refulde,
 And for thy right to be repaid with wrong?
 (Fond) do betimes from Fancies Fort retire,
 Reason retaine, and banish rash Desire.

What meanst thou careles thus to seek thy Care?
 Call home thy Wits, giue ore although with losse:
 Els like one blindfold art thou caught in snare,
 And wilt too late returne by weeping crosse.
 Seest not that shut is Lovers sweet passage plaine,
 That opens wide the path of proud Disdaine?

If so, why shouldst thou beg (in vaine) for grace?
 Rather demanda thy passport and away:
 Better at first giue ore in midst of Race,
 Then lose in th'end, though longer time thou stay.
 Then if she'll not admit thee as a frend,
 Let her thee manumit (as Free) to wend.

ALBA.

O that I were wherebides mine ALBA faire,
VWhose person to possesse is pleasure such,
As driues away all melancholy Care,
Which doth the Hart through Griefs impression touch
Whose louely Locks All do more curious deeme,
When they most careles to be dressed seeme.

Her sweet Lookes most alluring be, when they
Most chaste do seeme in modest glancing show:
Her words, the more they vertuously do way,
The more (in count) for amorous they go:
Her dressings such, as when neglected most,
She's thought as then to haue bestowd most cost.

Sweet Fortune, when I meet my louely Treasure,
Dash my Delights with some small light disgrace,
Lest I (enioying sweetnes boue all measure)
Surfet without recure on that faire face.
Her wonted coyneesse let her vse a while,
My fierce Desire by Diet to beguile.

Lest with the fulnes of my ioyes, abate
The sweetnes, and I perish straight before
I do possesse them, at too deare a rate.
But soft (Fond *Icarus*) how high wilt soare?
Thou dreamst I think, or fouldie dost mistake,
I dreame indeed, Ah might I neuer wake.

Like

ALBA.

Like as the Hawke cast from the Faulkners fist,
 Freed from the Mew doth (ioyfull) take his flight,
 Soaring aloft in th'aire as best him list,
 Now here, now there, doth finde no small delight,
 Enioying that, which Treasures all doth passe,
 (His libertie) wherfore he prisoner was.

But when th'acquainted Hollow he doth heare,
 And seeth the Lure cast forth him home to traine,
 As one obedient full of awfull feare,
 He leaues his flight, and backward turnes againe,
 Chusing in ancient bonds for to be bound,
 Fore faithles to his Lord he will be found:

So (ALBA) though I wanton, otherwhile,
 Do runne abroad, and other Ladies court,
 Seeking the time with pleasures to beguile,
 And oft my selfe with words of course do sport,
 Dissembling with Dissemblers cunninglie,
 As is the guise, with tongue, with hand, and Eye.

Yet when I thinke vpon thy face diuine,
 Thy Beautie cals me home, straight as a Lure,
 All other banishing from Hart of mine,
 And in L O V E S Bands to thee doth binde me sure.
 And since my Faith, and Fates do so ordaine,
 I am content thy prisoner to remaine,

Where

ALBA.

Where are those Haires so louely Browne in show?
Where is that snowy Mount of luorie white?
With damaske Rose where do the Lillies grow?
Whose Colours & whose sweetnes All delight? (Loue)
Where are those cheerfull Lights, Lamps of cleere
Wherein, a beautious Heauen doth alwaies moue?

Where are those *Margarite Pearles* withouten prise,
And Rubies rich (my matchles Treasures store)
With other Graces, wond'ers to the Wise,
Worthy that euery Lawrell them adore?
I know not I, vnles in her they be,
In Her who's Faire, Alas too Faire for me.

VVhy haue not then my Stars so courteous bin,
In this to me, as they are in the rest,
That I by loftie stile might Beautie win,
And blaze abroad her praise deseruing best?
VVhy haue not I the Gift, her Gifts to thander,
And make the world thereat admire and wonder?

Could I (but as she doth deserue aright)
Sing as a Cigniet sweete with pleasing vaine,
Her Vertues rare, her staining Beauties fight,
As I am blunt in Wit, and dull in Braine,
I then should see, her Courteous, Gentle, Milde;
VVhere now I finde her, Cruell, Proud and Wilde.

Needs

41
ALBA.

Needes must I ALBA leaue, yet she'll not part,
Though I doe loue her, yet still my Desire,
Seekes her to keepe in Closet of my Hart,
And though she doth against me thus conspire,
Yet with my Soule, I must her Error moane,
Since so vnkindlie she her selfe hath showne.

My secret griefes Ile in my selfe disiest;
The world shall neuer know her hatefull Pride,
Her shame (my Bane) I will conceale in brest,
And as a Monument there shall it bide.

ALBA farewell, all pittie now is fled,
And since tis so, Adew, I am but Dead.

But thou (my Hart) come thou from her thy way;
Tis time (I thinke) to leaue that witching face,
Where too too much vnkindenes still doth stay;
For Loyall Loue, there is no resting place.
Simple Goodwill, to sojourne findes it vaine,
Where Thoughts are falls, and Double do remaine;

My nere staine Faith, my life shall testifie,
To future Age, that shall hereafter come,
To shew the world my spotles Loyaltie:
And yet perhaps againe may shine the Sunne,
When as my Trueth vnto her being knowne,
She may at last receiue me for her owne.

The Conclusion of the second Part.

IF I should count the spending of my time,
Since Her I lost, with whom I left my life;
How I in Griefe without reliefe doe pine,
My seldome Pleasures, and my Corsies rife,
If I should take upon me, these to sell,
It were in vaine, for it were impossibell.

Yet still the more I suffer for her sake,
The more my Hart doth studie to endure,
The world shall know the Penance he doth make,
And how his Thoughts are loyall, chaste, and pure.
So small account he maketh for to die,
As his owne Death he seeketh wilfully.

Of Her he still doth burze me in the eare,
And wils me make a Iournie to that place,
To haue a sights of Her, (to him so deare)
Whose beaustious shape all Beausies doth disgrace.
Alas I would full faine, Her selfe doth know,
But Danger to offend, doth still say No.

Then since poore Hart, thou canst not haue thy will,
But longst for what thou neuer shalt obtaine,
Consume thy selfe with thy recureles ill,
As Women, that with Longing breeds their ban.
And as thou diest, let this thy Comfort be,
Thy LOVE was VERTUE, hers was CHASTITYE. P

R. T.

42

THE
THIRD PART
OF THE MONETHS
MIND OF A MELAN-
CHOLY LOVER.

By R. T. Gentleman.



AT LONDON.

Printed by Felix Kingston, for Matthew
Lownes. 1598.

L
T
W

T
D
A
A

K
I
A
A

B
L
A
A

Alia Crudelissima.

LO here the course spun Web of Discontente,
Extract from out the cause of my trew Griefe,
The Quintessence of my Complaint close pent,
Wherein my Hart hath line without reliefe:
The Glasse wherein my sorrowes each may see,
Thou cruell A L B A, thus haste plagued me.

Thinke on the Mestfull MONTHS MINDE I still keepe,
Depriude of thee, how I doe liue forlorne,
All night I sigh, all day I waile and weepe,
As one that hath all pleasures quite forsworne:
Thus (carefull I) doe care for careles thee,
Whilst wretchles thou, makst no account of mee.

Knewst thou what t'were to Loue, and what to hate,
I know with Malice thine thou wouldst dispence,
And wouldst enhaunce my Bale to blissefull state,
And Loue with Loue, not Rigor recompence;
Ah gainst me doe not thou thy wrath incite,
Monstrous it is, Loue to repayse with spite.

Be gracious then, though I haue graceles bin,
Let Fauour thine, aboue my Merit show,
Against the Tide, why shouldst thou alwaies swim;
And as a froward Tortoys backward goe?
Not Night, but Light giue me with those faire Eyes,
Fierce Serpents (not milde Doues) enuenomise.

ALBA.

To thee (Deare Faire) that mak'st me fare amisse,
To thee my *Goddesse* I my prayers make,
And prostrate fall before thy *Shrine of Blisse*,
Crauing of thee, that them in worth thou take,
Whilest I to thee my Hart in humble wise,
Vpon thy beautious Altar sacrifice.

Peruse with kindenes this my sad complaint,
Since I with patience doe abide the paine,
And but thy willing eare herewith acquaint,
So thy remembrance not forget the same:
Thy hart gainst me, not still induratzize,
But my sad thoughts in me retranquillize.

I will not leaue, vntill I leaue to loue,
(And leaue to loue, I will not till I die)
But thy hard flintie Breast, Ile somewhat moue,
To moane my Griefe, the cause I alwaies crie.
Crie will I to thee till my Voyce be hoarse,
And neuer leaue thee till thou take remorse.

From thy faire eyes, the Sunnes *Precursors* bright,
This fire hath sprung, which all my parts doth burne,
No Art-Enamell'd lines that I do write,
No praies nor praiers, to Mercie thee can turne:
Yet come the worst, the Age (to come) shall say,
I bare the prize for *Constance* away.

Burnham.

To

44
ALBA.

Now earthly Goddess haue thou some regards
To me thy seruant, crauing what is iust,
Though long at last, yeelde to me some rewarde,
Since I relie on thee, and wholly trust.

Thinke on the penance sore I doe endure,
Which to my Soule, thine Absence doth procure.

Support my feeble Thoughts, that scarce can moue,
For thou wert wont, such, better to commend,
Who would persist more loyall in their Loue,
And perseuere vnto the latest end,
Then those, who whē Loues course they gan to run,
Would giue it ore, before halfe way were done,

I cannot doe so, for my longing Hart,
Is knit in thine, in such perfection strange,
That Death these twaine in sunder cannot part,
Nor length of Time, nor Places distance change:
Thy Beautious Versue, Versuous Beautie tis,
That makes me ioy in noy, take Bale for blis.

Ah where art thou kinde Friendship that of yore,
Still with thy cheerefull smile, didst comfort mee
And sweetely wouldst with me my state deplore,
When heauie, sad, and grieu'd thou didst me see?
Ah where are those Alcinoi daies as now?
I Metamorphos'de am, I know not how.

ALBA.

Cleere shines the Sonne, yet shines it not on me,
Faire is the Morne, yet darkened is my Light,
Others the Spring, I Fall of leafe doe see,
Whilest I enioy no Day, but gloomy Night;
Thou art the cause (sweete ALBA for thy Loue,
In absence thine) these bitter Brunts I proue.

Whilest thou like Princeesse entertained art,
By thy kinde Tenants in most dutious wise,
Seeking to shew the zeale of their pure Hart,
By all the pleasing meanes they can deuise.
Striuing who shall thee better entertaine,
(Signes of thy welcome home to them againe.)

I here am left alone, all poste alone,
As L O V E s true Pledge, that lies for Faith to Pawne,
Onely to waite thy parture and to mone,
Whilest my Conceits on Sorrowes Tent are drawne,
Like to the Bird, on solitarie branch,
Wailing his Mates sowe losse through hard mischance.

Then louely thou my Harts deare Treasurer,
Let me obtaine this Fauour at thy Grace,
That thou delay no longer nor defer,
But daine me once more, see thy heauenly face.
Else here I vow, (if so thou come not soone)
Me, shalt thou not see, thou shalt see my Tobie.

Now

A L B A

Now that my weary spirits do runne their race,
 To those transplendent Lamps of A L B A faire :
 And gazing there (in vaine) do plead for grace,
 Leauing their ancient lodging nakte and bare.
 She as their Foe stands on her Brauerie,
 And passage to their Entrance doth denie.

They finding shut fast close milde Pities gate,
 And seeing in what danger I remaine,
 With haste returne from whence they came of late,
 Retiring to their wonted Home againe,
 Where they repose, of Hope quite dispossest,
 And there with Feare and Care together rest.

Disdaine those eyes spoyles, that before were bright,
 And fierce Desire, that to reuenge hath minde
 Increaseth still in hart to worke me spite,
 Deuising how to make her more vnkinde :
 The one, the Bellowes vnto Furie blowes,
 The other, Slaue to wrathfull Anger showes.

But though to me she seemes as pitilesse,
 Seeking my Death, without cause to conspire :
 Yet will I beare with all wrongs nere the lesse,
 Resolu'd to bide the vtmost of her Ire :
 Against her wrath Ile true and Humble be,
 For Faith's my Fence, my Shield's, Humilitie.

Poore

A L B A.

Poore *Meleager* being in disdaine,
 With furious *Altea* (cruell mother his)
 She flang his *fatall Brand* in fire flame,
 Long time kept by her, (as her chiefeſt blis)
 So as through fire it did (conſumde) decay,
 His wretched life did preece-meale waſte away.

Altea, mine A L B A is, *Meleager*, I,
 The *fatall Brand* where bides my life, her *Loue*:
 No longer then ſhe keeps this happily
 For me, no longer may my ſpirits moue,
 Long time *Affection* kept it, but as now,
 She flings it in the flame with angrie brow.

Anger's the *Fire*, *Suſpect* kindles the *Flame*,
Conceit's the *Belowes*, wherewith ſhe doth blow:
Haſte was the hand which flung it in the ſame,
 The *Coles*, *Vnkindnes*, that did burne it ſo.
 Ah, but one drop of *Water* of her *Grace*,
 If ſo I had, twould quench be in ſmall ſpace.

Thus do I burne, and burning breathe my laſt,
 And breathing laſt, to naught conſume away:
 Like to that *Lampe* whoſe *Oyle* when it doth waſte,
 By leſſer light, and leſſer doth decay.
 Yet in this *Fire* I crie ſtill for to moue her,
 Ah pittie me th'vnhappieſt loyall *Louer*.

Thou

15
ALBA.

Thou solitarie Mountaine, Mount of Mone,
Pleasing to me, mine only solace chiefe,
How like are we? we two seeme but as One,
Since thou shewst *sad*, and I still, to haue *Griefe*,
Thou with wilde sauadge Woods art compast round,
And in my Breast sharp austere Thoughts are found.

The huger Hill in bignes thou dost show,
The more, (All) thee vncouth and sauadge deeme:
The more that I in yeares in Loue do grow,
The more deformed Creature I do seeme.
Water from thee, from euery side doth come,
And teares from out mine eyes as Fountaines run.

Thou dost abide the blustering furious winde,
The paine of skalding sighs perforce I feele;
Tempests and stormes, to thee are oft vnkinde,
But worse to me is *ALBA's* Hart of Steele:
Thou, trooken art by *Ioues* fire from aboue,
And I am blasted with *Lightning of Loue*.

Thou wantest Fruit, and I am without Hart,
Only in this my Griefes do thine exceede,
That where as thou insensible still art,
I (liuing) feele too well the Brunt indeede.
Yet wert thou worse I like in thee to stay,
Since that my *Pearle*, mine *ALBA's* gone her way.

ALBA.

O that I might my Griefes set downe at large,
And to the world make knowne mine Injuries:
But I not dare, the Cruell giues in charge
Them to keepe close, and This beare patientlie
Being so grieuous, as but part to know,
Would make the flintiest Hart to split for woe.

Besides, if I my Crosses should reueale,
They would renew my sorrowes fresh againe:
Therefore I vowed haue them to conceale,
The more to feele the depth of lasting Paine:
Reaping not only discontent hereby,
But all Despayre of future remedie.

How secret haue I bin, this seuen whole yeare,
That scarce I haue not yet, nor yet scarce dare
To tell her Name, I so much still do feare,
To purchase th' anger of this adainfull FAIRER
How Faithfull, that haue offered her to please,
To dye for her? so ought I might her ease.

But what auails all this? for all my griefe,
I cannot hope she euer will be kinde:
When she was present I nere found reliefe,
And (in her absence) think you she'le me minde?
O no, as likelie tis, she'le pittie mee,
As I am like (vnlikely) her to see.

ALB A.

So great a griefe did neuer pearce the Hart,
 Of any louing Mother ouer kinde,
 When she her only sonne readie to part,
 Doth see to forraine Countrie gainst her minde,
 Losing the staffe of her old Age and stay,
 On whom the Hope of all her Comfort lay;

As wofull I, when I those louely Eyes
 Saw to looke back, which I should see no more
 Of many daies, and when in pitious wise,
 They shewd by signes Our parting grieu'd them sore.
 Ah when her last looke back on me she cast,
 Then, then, I thought I should haue breath'd my last.

Yet for my Harts sake did my spirits reuiue,
 And life once more recovered they againe,
 Whilst staring after her I kept aliue,
 And thought that I (not seeing her) saw her plaine,
 Long time my Powers were got into my sight,
 Deluding me with pleasing false Delight.

But now that her rare Beautie liues els where,
 Ile waile with teares her Absence, (my Disgrace)
 With weeping I my sight away will weare,
 Which skornes to looke on any but that Face.
 Eyes be Recluses, you can weep no more,
 And (Hart) since She is gone, weep bloody gore.

Ye

A D B A N

Ye Hoarie Hills and Icie water bolde,
 If what fresh *Aprill* giues, sharp *Lantern*
 To take away from you himfelfe shewes bolde;
 Yet quickly doth the Sunne with pleasing cheere,
 Restore to ybu your *Liberie* greene againe,
 And flowring Banks longit which you streame againe.

But now to me, from whom mine *A B B A* faire,
 Still hides her selfe, all Hope is withered quite:
 Nor will she shew her selfe, to ease my Care,
 For my yong Plant an enuious frost doth bite,
 Since that same hart that gentle was of yore,
 Hardning it selfe gainst me, still swelleth more.

Nature (you) gouernes, but *Loue* rules ore mee;
Nature is louing as a Mother kinde,
Loue, worfe then cruell *Stepdame* is to see,
 And to my losse (gainst conscience) doth me binde,
 Taking from me mine ancient Priuiledge,
 Whereby I liue, my daies for to abridge.

Then happie Hills you shall be greene againe,
 And blessed Springs your Courses you shall holde:
 But if that she reuiue not that hath slaine,
 I soone shall dye, Conceit is growne so colde,
 Lest her warme Sunne glide hither it to thaw,
 My freezing Hart no more his breath shall draw.

How

ALBA.

How long shall I knock at that Iron Gate;
Of thy *hard Hart*, for mercie? (but in vaine?)
How long my Griefes to thy deasse cares relate;
And reape nought els but trauell for my paine?
Yet still Ile hope, since *Acornes, Oke*, become,
And tynie drops proue *Floods* that streaming runne.

Thy face is faire, yeeld Fauour then to mee;
Thy hart is flesh, not bone, then gently show;
Ah let thy *Loue* with thy sweet Cheere agree;
And to attonement we shall quickly grow:
My *Loue* which is to thee more then extreame,
Requite not with a fortune, ouer meane.

If thou shouldst be *Vnsayfull* in thy *Loue*,
V Where should I flie for succour, or for Truth?
If th'owlt not heare my fate, whom should I moue?
If thou be *Cruell*, who will then shew Ruth?
If thou *see* it shalt vse, twill likely be,
Others dispence will with deepest subtiltie.

More triall then th' hast had thou canst not haue;
(How oft) my secret Harts depth wilt thou sound?
Wilt thou my blood spill when thou maist it saue?
When thou maist heale my Grief, still wilt thou wound?
Ah do not (*Surgion* like) *Anatomise*,
Each *muscle* of my grieve in cruell wise,

Sick

ALBA.

Sick in my lothed Bed I languish fast,
Nor can my learned Doctor help me ought,
His cunning now is at the latest cast,
Yet he no ease to crased me hath brought.
And marueile none though he no help can finde,
Sick am I not in Bodie, but in minde.

My hart each houre doth worse and worser proue,
And my Disease encreaseth more and more,
Because he wants her sight whom I doe loue:
Nor can I haue a salue for this my sore,
Lesse so much labour, L O V E for me doth take,
As my Phisition, A L B A faire to make.

Sick is my soule, my Body languisheth,
Th'one's farre from health, the other's nothing nie:
So as I doubtfull lue, scarce drawing breath,
Twixt feare and hope in this extremitie.
A strange Consumption hath me wasted long,
And for a Pearle restorative I long.

This for me, then all Phisick is most sure,
Or els I doubt I neuer shall be whole:
For whilst that Nature would my Bodie cure,
Loue (pestilenzing) doth infect my soule.
Then A L B A shew now if thou be'st Diuine,
Raife Dead to life, for now, or nere tis time.

Why

ALBA.

Why should I loue, when I am loathed still?
And praise her still, who seekes me to dispraise?
Why should graue reason yeelde to headstrong will,
My Griefes the more to multiplie and raise.

I doe commit *Idolatrie* extreme
With her, whom I should rather right blaspheme.

Fire if it warme not, for no Fire we deeme,
The Sunne, no Sunne we count, except it shine,
Water, no water, but it wet doe seeme,
Vertue, no Vertue, lest it show some figue;
No Woman is she, thats not pitifull,
Rather *Prides Spaine*, a nice disdainefull Trull.

Haue I transgress the Boundes of Modestie?
Whispering vndecent speeches in her Eare,
Or haue I (ere) assailed her Chastitie,
And sought the spoyle thereof away to beare?
If I haue, lamde my self in such grosse wise,
Why then she reason hath me to despise.

Oh, no, far be it from my harmeles Thought,
Such base vnseemely tricks to her to moue,
A matter small it was (God knowes) I sought,
Onely to be *Reuenter* to her Love.

No scandall 't is, 't is no Disparagement,
Service 't accept, where naught but Honors ment.



Faine

ALBA.

Faine would I take of quiet sleepe the Say,
My wearied Corse with ease for to delight,
But I no wished rest can finde by Day,
Nor slumber sweetely in my bed by Night.
No rest I wretched man as yet can take,
My woes are such, as force me still to wake.

My *Trueth* is measured by my *Fortune* hard,
And (I poore soule) *Vnfaithfull* iudged am,
Because I seeme *Vnhappie*; and am bard
Fró all good Chance: (Gainst right) I beare the blame,
But willingly; (since she doth will) I shall,
Whole Absence turnes my Hony into Gaule.

Yet faine I slumber would, though but a while;
But if I cannot with that Fode be fed,
I will embrace (the time for to beguile)
Such golden Thoughts as are within my head.
Golden indeede, Golde Thoughts of *Love* a one,
As I prefer fore Golde, though she a *Stone*.

But sleepe, or die, Then, dye, thou canst not sleepe,
For thee to sleepe it is impossibell,
To thinke what's past, broadc waking will thee keepe:
Which thou must still conceale, not any tell.
My comfort's this, that waking as I die,
I see my *Loue* in Thought, though not with eye.

Pure

ALBA.

Pure *Inorie*, white with spot of *Crimson* red,
 Where *Beauties First Borne* lay the perfect *Molde*,
 Or like *Aurora* rising from her Bed,
 Such was mine ALBA faire for to beholde.

Such was She, when She louely LOVE ore came,
 The *Conquerors Glory*, *Conquered Pleasing Shame*.

But now that *Cullor* faire hath changde his grace,
 Through *Burning Fever*, (deadly in his kinde)
 And *Sallow Palenes* stained hath that Face,
 To whome the Prize for *Favour* was asinde,
 Sicke is my *Lady*, sicke is all *Delight*,
 And brightest Day is turnde to darkest Night.

Fortune hath stolne from ALBA, tooke from LOVE,
 From him she takes his, *Solace, Sport and Play*,
 From Her her *Beautie* which she would improut,
 And to her selfe, would (falsely) it conuay.
 Being *Pitfull* she *Cruell* seemes to be,
 And in her *Blindenes* sheweth that she can see:

False Fortune darke as *Molde* in any Good,
 But to doe Hurt, as *Argus*, full of Eyes,
 In outward shew, a *Tiger* fierce and wood:
 And yet to me she's *Kinde* in piteous wise.

Since She, by drawing *Beautie* from that place,
 Quencht hath my *Fier*, to ease me for a space.

ALBA.

My Haste vpon his Deathbed, sicke, did lye,
 Calling vpon proude ALBA but in vaine;
 Too Cruell she, (for pittie) it did crie,
 Yet had Repulse through Rigor of Disdaine.
 So as to liue thus (long) it could not bide,
 But soone gaue vp the Ghost, and so he dide.

Then to the *Chappell* of bad *Fortune* harde,
 By smoking sighes it quickelie was conuaide,
 A place for these sad Funerals preparde,
 Where in a *Tombe* of *Loyaltie* was laide.
 Anger, Suspect, Griefe, Sorow, Care, and Feare,
 VVith dismall Doubtes, the chiefest Mourners were.

About the Hierce, great store of Teares were shed,
 The Torches that did burne so cleare and bright,
 VVere ALBAS eyes by Crueltye mislead,
 VVhilest she triumpht to see so wofull sight.
 Pittie the *Dirge* did sing with wofull Plaine,
 Assisted with a blacke and dismall Saunt.

Vpon the Monument yplaced was,
 Fire, Sworde, and Corde, with Arrowes sharpe & keene,
 The Epitaph (for such as by should pas)
 VVas thus subscribde, and carued to be scene.
 Loe here that gentle Hart encombe doth lie,
 Whom cruell ALBA causes, first to die.

Poore

ALBA.

Poore Soule, in covert ioy, thy Care fauns rest,
 VVeare VVillow in thy Hat, Baies in thy Hart,
 Gold when it bubleth least, then boyles it best,
 VVater runs smootheft in the deepest part.

By thy great warines let it be seene,
 Not what thou now art, but what thou hast beene.

The greatest comfort (as a Louers dew)
 Is, of his Mistris Secrets, much to know,
 Yet no lesse labor for him (being Trew)
 Then naught to say, nor ought thereof to show,
 Of men we learne to speake, things to reueale,
 Of Gods, silent to be, and to conceale.

Yet sweete's the Beaurie of mine ALBA faire:
 What blabst thou it? yea blab it willinglie,
 Bees that doe die with honey, buried are,
 With dulcet notes, and heavenly Harmonie;
 And they that dying, doe Beaurie still commend,
 Shall be with kindenes honored in the end.

Then hope thou well, and haue well (as they say)
 Long haue I hope, but Hoping is in vaine,
 Hope with Allusions, dallying doth me pay,
 Yet but for Hope, the Hart would breake in twaine.
 Ah MELT my Hart, would Melted once thou were,
 Thou shouldst not then haue cause so much to feare,

ALBA.

The *Fall of Lease*, the *Spring tide* of my *Loue*,
Flowring a fresh with Hope I found to bee:
Bur now (alas) the *Spring time* for to proue,
Fall of the Lease of my lost *Loue* I see.

The *Carnouale*, of my sweet *LOVE* is past,
Now comes the *Leas* of my long *Hate* at last.

LOVE is reuolted, whilst he (Traytor like)
Against his prince (gainst me his *Soueraigne*)
Weapons vniust (sauns cause) takes vp to fight,
And doth his fealtie and his *Homage* staine.
He is reuolted and mine *ALBA*'s fled,
I seeme aliue here, yet in deede am dead.

In vaine I wish for what I cannot haue,
And seeke with griefe to aggrauate my *Mone*:
What is to me denied, that still I craue,
Gaulling my selfe with fond *Conceits* alone:
Yet I forgive her, little knoweth she,
That she her owne *Hart* wounds, when she kils me.

Meane time in vncouth *Sorrows* secret Cell,
My haples *Fortune* hard I will disiest,
Hating all ioy, I priuat there will dwell,
Because I of my wish am dispossess.
Like *Petrark* chaste of *Laura* coy I plaine,
Of whom I (neuer yet) could *Faueur* gaine,

Ho

ALBA.

How long shall I importune thee with Cries,
 And presse thee for some Grace (*hard flintie Dame?*)
 How long my sute deplore in pitious wise,
 And yet be frustrate of that I complaine?
 Vrge me with ought if so thou canst of Ill,
 Do but obiekt, and answer thee I will.

Cite me at LOVES great Audis to appeare,
 And if a *iust account* I giue not thee
 Of all my Life, since Loyall I did sweare
 Vnto thy Cruell selfe, *casheere* thou mee:
 But if I true haue bin and dealt vpright,
 Thou dost me wrong to set by me so light.

More then high time tis for thee to relent,
 My *sorrowes* flowes aboue their wonted Bound,
 And well nie breake my Hart where they art pent,
 (For so great Force) a too too slender ground.
 Then *e* supplant not from my wished rest,
 But do abiure harsh Rigor from thy brest.

Affect me (not inflict on me) fresh woe
 Thy Loue, my seruice merits, not thy Hate,
 My loyall Hart to thee, didst thou but know,
 Thou wouldst not thus reuenge, but rew my state:
 Nor am I ouer bolde in what I craue,
Pitie (not *Fanour*) I desire to haue.

ALBA

TAVVNY and BLACK, my Courty Colours be,
Tawny, (because forsooke I am) I weare :
Black, (since mine ALBA's Loue is dead to me,
Yet liueth in another) I do beare.

Then welcome TAVVNY, since I am forsaken,
And come deare BLACK, since my Loue's from me
(taken.

The princelike Eagle's neuer smit with Thunder,
Nor th'Oliue tree with Lightning blasted shoves :
No marriage 'twixt it is to me, or wonder,
Though my Coy Dame, in Loue to me hard growes :
More deafe to me she is then senses stock,
Her Hart's obdurate like the hardned rock.

But what meane I thus without Reason prate ?
I am no more forsaken then I was :
My Loue's no more dead then it was of late ;
For yet mine ALBA nere for me did passe :
My Loue's not dead, she neuer me forsook ;
For ALBA (nere yet) me in fauour tooke,

As many Favours haue I as before :
For since I her (first) lou'd, she me disdainde,
And still doth so, still wounding me the more,
As in despayre I haue ere since remainde :
Yet I in BLACK and TAVVNY Weedes will goe,
Because Forsooke, and dead I am with woe.

LOVES

ALBA.

LOVES LABOR LOST, I once did see a Play,
 Ycleped so, so called to my paine,
 VVhich I so heare to my small Ioy did stay,
 Giuing attendance on my froward Dame,
 My misgiuing minde presaging to me Ill,
 Yet was I drawne to see it gainst my Will.

This *Play* no *Play*, but Plague was vnto me,
 For there I lost the Loue I liked most:
 And what to others seemde a Iest to be,
 I, that (in earnest) found vnto my cost,
 To euery one (saue me) twas *Comicall*,
 Whilst *Tragick* like to me it did befall.

Each Actor plaid in cunning wise his part,
 But chiefly Those entrapt in *Cupids* snare:
 Yet All was fained, twas not from the hart,
 They seemde to grieue, but yet they felt no care:
 Twas I that Griefe (indeed) did beare in brest,
 The others did but make a show in Iest.

Yet neither faining theirs, nor my meere Truth,
 Could make her once so much as for to smile:
 Whilst she (despite of pitie milde and ruth)
 Did sit as skorning of my Woes the while.
 Thus did she sit to see LOVE lose his LOVE,
 Like hardned Rock that force nor power can moue.

My

ALBA.

My lifes *Catastrophe* is at an end,
The *Staffe* whereon my sickly Loue did leane,
And which from falling (still) did him defend,
Is through mischance in sunder broken cleane,
Gone is my *Mediatrix*, my best *Advocate*,
Who vsde for me to intercessionate.

Ah that my Loue cannot aright be waide
In Ballance iust, as merits due desart,
But must with Hate (for her Goodwill be paide)
Whereof *Th'exchequer* is mine ALBAS Hart:
The *Saphire* cut with his owne dust may be,
Mine owne pure Faith, in Loue confoundeth me.

O be not still vnto me (thus) *seuere*,
But rather *Simplest* milde in sickness mine:
Honey with *Gawle*, *Oyle* mix with *Vineger*,
With frownes, blithe smiles, some *sweete* with *sower* of
Giue me (to comfort mine) a *Lenative*, (thine,
But not t'encrease my Paine, sharpe *Corasme*.

Canst thou endure that as a *Ghost* or *Sprite*,
I still should haunt thee with my irksome cryes?
Ah yet at last vnto thy selfe be like,
Some pitie shew from out those murthring eyes.
If th'owlt not grant my sute, nor louing be,
At least, yet in my Griefe, do flatter me,

Deare

ALBA.

Deare Parler, (louing lodging vnto me)
 Mine only Walke and Garden of Delight,
 Ah who hath tooke thy Beaurie now from thee?
 And reft from me what moft did please my fight?
 Ah if our wonted Sunne do not returne,
 (As abfent Her) fo, me, (dead) fhalt thou mourne.

My Hart that fcarce his fainting breath drawes hard,
 Demaundeth ftill his tribute of mine eyes,
 Needes muft I fay a too too fmall reward,
 Whilft he his Maftersorrowes oremuch tries.
 (Poore Hart) thy Mafter wrongs thee I confefle,
 Yet cannot he amend it neere the leffe.

I beare my part with thee in this fad mone,
 In this fad Quire where dolefull Notes I fmg :
 For not to any but to me alone,
 This Room as vncouth fceemes and grieve doth bring,
 Yet fin : she here did vfe her walke to make,
 Thefe naked Walls lle honor for her fake.

Ah Quondam Temple of my Goddeffe faire,
 Great reason haue I thee for to adore:
 Thy Boords and Windows I do holde as rare,
 Since thou haft entertainte her heretofore,
 Though Sains be gone, and nought be left but Shrines,
 Yet for her Love lle hold thee as Divine.

Shall

AL B A.

Shall these same Eyes, but now no Eyes at all,
Raine Teares still thus? and shall this my poore Hart
In vaine vpon a flintie Corse still call
For mercie, who no Mercie will impart?

Shal this my Tongue now hoarse, with (Pitie) crying,
Nere finde reliefe, but still a Voice denying?

Ah partiall L O V E! Ah, World vnmeet for men!
Ah maners fit for sauadge Beasts to loathe!
Ah wicked Fortune thus dost quit me then!
Because thou see'st my selfe with Loue I cloathe,
Another shall despoyle me and vnbare?
Is this reward for faith vowde to the FAIRER?

Sweet meate sowre sawce deserues, I must confesse,
But pure Loue, should nere purchase Hate in right:
By Ones Disdaine, which is remedilesse,
I liue to like (vnlou'd) to worke my spight.
Wretched's that Wight, but faithfull Patience rare,
That doth through Loue, Death to himselfe prepare.

Now by these brinish teares that outwardly
Distill from weeping eyes, like showers of raine:
And by those drops of blood vnseene of eye,
Which inwardly from hart streame downe amaine:
And by what els I haue; All which, is Thine,
Begin to loue, els end this life of mine.

Ah

ALBA.

Ah ALBA faire, ah me vnfortunate!
 Ah that my Birth's so low, my Thoughts so hie,
 My due Desires so great, so poore my state,
 As not to ioy my Right, deseruinglie!
 How might I please thee, thee for to possesse?
 With how great will would I my selfe addresse?

Will Labours patient of Extremities,
 Obtaine the fauour of thy long sought Loue?
 I will attempt, if so thou but deuise,
 Monsters to tame, and Mountaines to remoue:
Alcides like, all things I will subdue,
 So I may finde thee gracious when I sue.

Dost thou the passions of deep Loue desire?
 The sad despayring moode of perplext minde,
 The nere exprest through hidden torments) Fire
 Of racked Thoughts? dost couet this to finde?
 Mark my deep sighs, my hollow eyes, salt teares,
 My broken sleepes, my heauy countenance beares,

Wouldst thou I to thy Beautie vowde should bee?
 And in thy seruice spend my long lifes time?
 Remember then my solitarie life for thee,
 This seuen whole yeares (a Prentiship of mine)
 Tis true (thou knowst) where ere thou (now) remaine,
 Then be appeasde, and please to ease my paine,

ALBA.

Say then faire ALBA, faire, yet full of spight,
 What haue I done that thou shouldst me vndoer
 Holding thee *Deare*, why setst thou me so light?
 Why silent art thou when to thee I sue?
 The more Submissiue I, and Humble am,
 Why gainst me dost thy selfe still *shainfull* frame?

Whom haue I but *mine owne Thoughts* entertainde;
 And thy rare Vertues, and what companie
 But *Contemplation*, hath with me remainde?
 And whom haue I still wondred at but thee?
 Whom haue I not contemnd for thee, since time
 I first beheld that matchles shape of thine?

Haue I not crept to some, not trod with feete
 On them, cause thou to fauour them I saw?
 Haue not all Iniuries to me bin sweete?
 If thou didst will me beare them, twas a Law,
 Haue I not spent my golden yeares with I.ope?
 Seeking nought but thy Loue (my Wishtes scope.).

Yet in the midst of these *distempered Thoughts*,
 Thou art not only *Ielous* of my Truth,
 But makst account of me, farre worse then Noughts,
 Nor dost by Message yeeld me any Ruth:
 My Loue vnspotted, cannot be accepted,
 My Truth (O strange) vnspcakable's, reiected.

Like

ALBA.

Like to this Sea, L o v e hath me fashiond right,
 He full of water, I replete with woe:
 He boyles and bubbleth vp in open sight,
 I fret and rage where ere I (wandring) goe:
 He flowes, and boue his banks the surges rise,
 (From me) salt teares gush forth in streaming wise.

He water wants not, nor my Griefes decrease,
 Thousands of quicksands hath he all about,
 I, thousand cares that on my Hart do sease:
 His waues are cut in twaine, my Hart, throughout.
 The whistling reedes about his banks do sound,
 Sorrow in me is of my song the ground.

Both windes and raine vpon him (daily) fall,
 I still, distill salt showres and sighs amaine:
 By tempests, oft his Channels broke are all,
 My Bowels cleft be with continuall paine:
 His boile me none can well perceiue or see,
 My Torments without depth sauns sounding bee.

Only we differ thus, he still doth bide
 Here, swallowing them that passe alongst this place,
 I vade away, and (Cruell Homicide)
 Murther I do my selfe in pitious case.
 Who then can rid me (Notamie of Woe)
 From these hell plagues? None, but my Cruell Foe.

ALBA.

ALBA.

ALBA I haue not liued ouer long,
Yet haue I hollow eyes, and haire halfe gray :
My yeares not many, for I am but yong,
Though wrinckled be my cheekes and lims decay.
But is this Destinie, or ist pure Deceit ?
That hath on me (thus) wrought this cunning feat ?

Ist be the first, why then none could preuent
My wretched Stars to scape this miserie ?
Ist be the latter that such ill me ment,
I needes must think it was mine Enemie :
It was (indeed), thy selfe it was (*Faire Witch*)
That with thy beautie wrought me to be sick.

Thou art too Faire (I see) for to be true,
And too too False for one that is so Faire :
Yet for my wrongs thou seemest not to rue,
Nor for my Crosses ought at All dost care :
And yet my Loue's more feruent still row rds thee,
My sparks growne flames, my cinders bonfires bee.

Only I grieue my daies are at an end,
Fore I can of thee any fauour gaine :
And which is worse, I likely am to spend
All the Remainder, yet no Grace obtaine.
Vnhappie Pilgrim I, borne still to euill,
To shrine her for a Saint, who is a Deuill.

When

57
ALBA.

When *Beautie* sickneth, then *Desire* doth die,
Fauor doth vade most flourishing in his prime,
 Then *LOVE* doth ebbe, when flowes *Aduersitie*,
 But *Friendship* bides out euery stormie *Time*.
 Ah ALBA, I not doted haue on thee,
 But lou'd thee deare, as deere, as deere might bee.

Affection, (alwaies) either grounded is
 On *Virtue*; (and *Virtue* nere pecuish shewes)
 Or else on *Beautie*; (counted chiefeft blisse)
 And *Beautie* praisde, (through *Loue*) more fairer growest
 I neuer *Peruerse* was, nor *Sullen* yet,
 But praisde thy *Beautie* to mine vtmost wit,

To thee, I, both a *Friend* and *Louer* am,
 Yet euery *Louer* is no *Constant Friend*,
 But who a *Friend* in *Nature* is and *Name*,
 As *Louer* true begins, and true doth end:
 Thy truest *Friend* am I, more then another,
 And vnto thee the faithfullst loyalst *Louer*.

Virtue (in me) *Affection* shall subdue,
Wisedome, all *Lust*, my *Friendship* sweetest *Beautie*,
 He not be fickle, false, but constant, true,
 Seruing thee still, with all respect of *Dutie*;
 And when I shall be buried, dead and gone,
 My Ghost shall (as thy *Slave*) thee tend vpon.

H

Ah

ALBA.

Ah Speake then, shall these *Torments* I endure,
Of *Bloody Thoughts*, and nere expressed paine
Neuer remorse of *Stubborne* thee procure?
And shall they breede (still) my eternall bane?
Yet grant me, things impossible to wish,
To feede *Conceits*, since that no hurt it is.

Then shalt thou see (through this I holde so deare)
He longe my life prolong, and *Spirits* spend,
And to my selfe that Creature none may heare,
He softlie call it *Loue*, till life shall end.
And if what I, thus whisper Any vrge,
He name it *Honor*, so my selfe to purge.

May I but this sweete *Contemplation* holde,
I then shall liue of All men most content,
Taking more pleasure in my *Thoughts* though olde,
Then ere I did in *youthly Actions* spent.
Grant me this *Grace*, (to thee tis matter small)
And all my *Crosses* He sweete *Blessing* call.

Ah that tho'ldst daigne, this might be christned *Loue*,
That *Favour* (as reward) for it might be,
But I doe feare, I shall thee too much moue,
This ouer boldenes (Dearest) pardon me.
And let me hope one day some gentle power,
May turne to Sweete, this my most bitter Sower.

ALBA.

Time was and is, and ever shall be still,
That I to honor thee will never spare,
But for to call it *Love*, or *Pure Goodwill*,
I never durst, although I seemde to dare,
Then suffer me, to follow this my *Vaine*,
Flattering my selfe, although I nothing gaine.

None pleased hath mine eyes, but *ALBA* bright,
None but sweete *ALBA* doth possesse my Hart,
Mine cares in *ALBA*, onely take delight,
And this my Soule, from *ALBA* nere shall part,
To follow thee, all *Fortunes* Ile forsake,
And vnto thee alone, my selfe betake.

The *Gods* haue set such difference twixt our state,
That all must be, pure *Dewtie*, *Reuerence*;
Nothing I must terme *LOVE* (such is my *Fate*),
Except thou *gaine*, therewith for to dispence.
And since I know that so thou dost command,
I condescend will to it out of hand.

Yet my *Unspotted Thoughts* my pining *Corse*,
My *Discontented Life*, let them obtaine
One blessed *Favour* through thy kinde remorse,
Though they not merit least part of the same.
So I with Ioy shall end my wearie daies,
And dying, sound abroad thy nere dying Praise.

The Conclusion of the last Part.

IF Vertuous Loue be Honor, and no Shame,
Let no man (causeles) seeke my chaste Desire,
To bridle in with base conceited raine,
Since Virtue kindled in my brest this fire:
The Wise (I hope) will no Exceptions take,
Nor Gainst my Loue, nor gainst these Toyes I make,

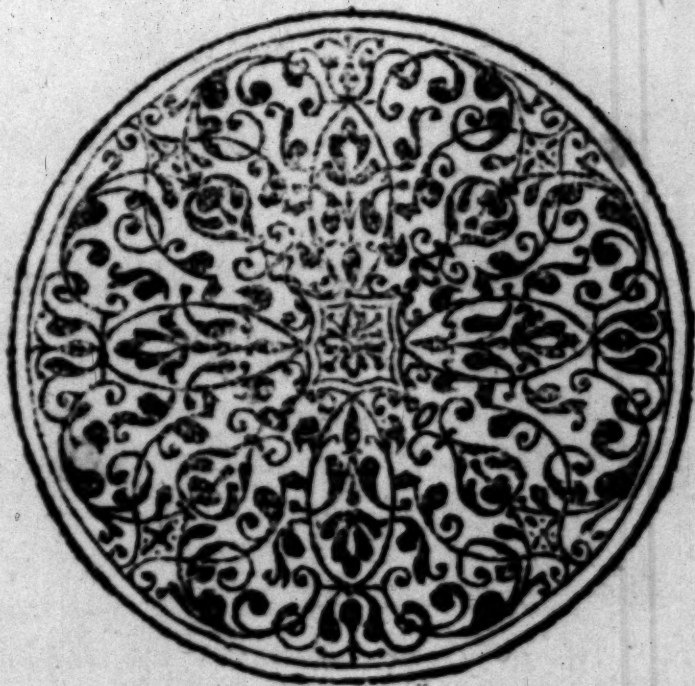
For by the Diall of Discretion sound,
Mine Actions all and Cariage I direct,
And fearefull am I, leaft I should be found,
I' have done amisse, in any due respect.
(LADIE) I hope no line is here set downe,
Sauns awfull looking backe vnto your frowne.

No Worthlesse Thought doth lodge within my brest,
Since (as my Guides) I follow thy faire Eyes,
Sparkes of true Vertue in me now doe rest,
Infused by those beames in wondrous wise,
Those with an vnconouth Flame set me on fire,
The rightest pathes of HONOR to aspire.

By these conducted to Eternall Ioy,
I hope so to be lifted up to th Skie,
From all Disgrace, from trouble and annoy,
Where, (of my selfe) I nere dur mount so hie.
Be gracious then (Sweete Goddesse) of my Thought,
For thy power tis, doth make me soare aloft.

Il Disgratiato. R. T. G.

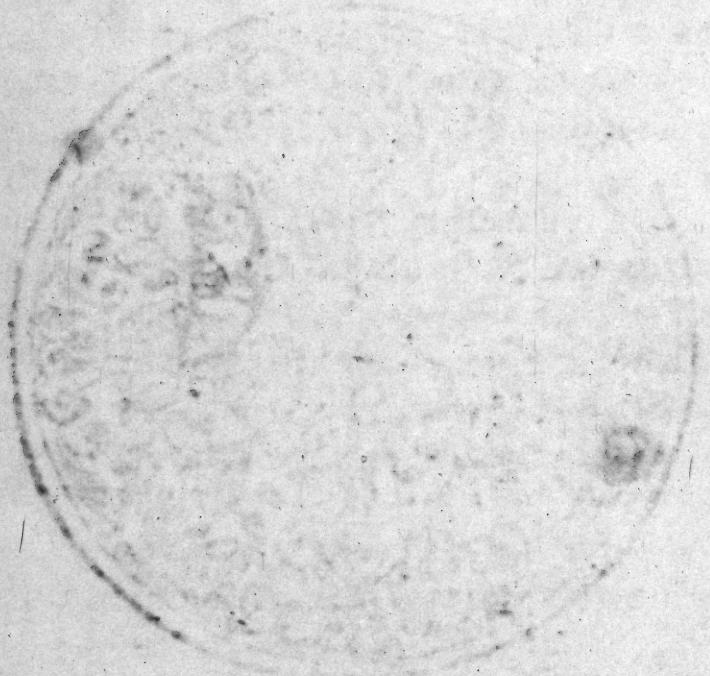
CERTAINE
DIVINE POEMS,
WRITTEN BY THE
foresaid Author R.T.
Gentleman,



Printed at London by F. K. for
Matthew Lownes.

CELESTIAL
DIVINE POEMS
WRITTEN BY THE

Author of T. T.
Glasgow



Printed and Sold by F. K. Jones
Glasgow

V
A
W
.
T
F
S
W
O
C
W
T
A
C
R
S

Deo, Optimo, Maximo.

With Teares in Eyes, with drops of Blood from Hart,
With skalding sighs from inward grieued Soule,
A CONVERTITE, from Vaine LOVE now I part,
Whilst, for my Sinnes, fore Heaven I do condole.
I know, and knowledge I haue liued wrong,
And wilfull sought mine owne Destruction long.

The Temple of my Heavenly GOD I haue,
For earthly Goddesse, staine'd blasphemously,
Selling my selfe to Satan for his Slave,
Whilst I transgress in vile Apostasie.
Banisht my selfe I haue from Paradize,
Through thrifles Toyes of base-borne Vanities,

O thou that on swift Cherubins dost ride,
Creator of all Creatures that do liue,
Whose Loue was such as thou for Man hast dide,
Though he thee hated, skorned, and did grieue:
Vouchsafe to view and rue my desprate state,
And me once more from sinne regenerate.

Ah looke vpon me with milde Mercies eye,
Clenſe me with pureſt Water of thy Grace:
Remember not how I haue gone awry,
Since I renounce to runne more ſuch a Race,
Ah glorious Spouſe, thy Beautie I deſire,
For now to Heaven, not Earth, my Thoughts aſpire,

Dinine Poems.

Griefe, that was once farre off remou'd from me,
Begins (as now) for to approach me nere,
Clad in his Weedes, which *Black* and *fearfull* be,
And crownde with *fasall* *Cypresse* doth appeare,
With wringing Hands he doth bewaile my ruth,
And mournes, that I haue straide so wide frō Truth.

Reason the *Cochman* to my wandring Thought,
As in a Christall glasse, doth shew most plaine
My gazing eyes, how I haue fondly wrought,
Spending my Time in *Toyes*, and *Fancies* vaine,
He shew' th me now another *Novell* *LOVE*,
Another path, wherein my feete to moue,

As One, who in his *Traualle* doth espie,
(By chance) a hideous *Serpent* or foule *Snake*,
That long before vnseene did closely lie
Behinde some stub, where he his Nest did make,
(Shaking his three-forkt hissing tongue apace)
Quickly himselfe retireth from that place:

So I by louing wrong (*vnhappy* *Wight*)
Hauing amisse straide long time, and awrie,
When I (at last) of *Death* had but a sight,
(Although farre off) yet backward, gan I hie;
Backward I came, with hastie speedie foote,
Leauing that *Course*, which I at first had tooke,

Thou

61

Divine Poems.

Thou *wandering Spirit*, to whom *Love* doth commit
(Of this my Body fraile) the government :
Why, gadding thus from *Truth* so farre dost flit ?
Why, are thine eyes with wilfull blindnes pent ?
Why, dost not marke what *Danger* is at hand ?
What damned *Death* doth at thine elbow stand ?

Ah, be not flattred with this poyssenous *Love*,
But call thy former Wits to thee againe :
Those wicked Thoughts roote out, and hence remoue,
Whilst Life in thee to do it doth remaine,
What Mortall is, by mortall Death suppressse,
Thy *Gain* shall be the more, thy *Losse* the lesse.

Heaven once thy *Mansion* was, and dwelling place,
Now *Hell* thou seekst by running thus astray,
Unhappie Soule to be in such a case,
So wilfully to seeke thine owne *Decay* :
Thou woundst thy *selfe*, to God a *Rebell* th'art,
And only striv'st to please the *World* in Hart.

Alas, in whom now dost thou put thy trust ?
On whom dost thou relie, or hope on now ?
Ah turne, and (still) live shalt thou with the *Iust*,
Ah turne againe, and trebble blessed thou :
Thou, then shalt be, whereas the *Blessed* are, (*Starre*.
Pure Soule, mongst *Soules*, mongst *Stars*, a brightsome

What

Diuine Poems.

What's God? The *Sourse* of Goodnes and the Spring,
What is that Goodnes? Such a Goodnes sound
As aye increaseth without perishing.
How is it made? In frame and fashion Round,
Like to a Forme that in it dorth conaine,
His *End* and his *Beginning* in the same.

This Goodnes, (first) from whence did it proceede?
Three proper *Veines* there be, that forth do runne
Out of one *sacred Sea*, from *Heauen* decreede,
Which compasseth doth, All, what so ere sees *Sunne*.
Cannot we see it? This *ESSENCE* most *Diuine*,
No *Mortall Man* hath seene at any time.

How can it then be, if it neere be seene,
That it our mindes (ofte) lifteth vp on High,
As it (in *Vision*, we in *Heauen* had beene?
It makes vs view such *Wonders* with *Faiths* eye,
With *Faiths* cleere eye which shines to vs so bright,
As vnto *Heauen* it is our *Guide* and *Light*.

What is that *Faith*? A *Gift*, which if *Defect*
In him, that firme beleaueth, be not found,
It blindfold leades him (yet with steps direct)
Vnto that place, where perfect loyes abound,
Where *God*, the *Father*, *Sonne*, and *Holy Ghost*,
Doc raigne in *Glorie* great, of *Mightiest* most.

Thou

62
Diuine Poems,

Thou **L I F E** which *Life* art calde, and yet art *Death*,
Thou **D E A T H**, which *Death* art terme, and yet art *Life*,
Say; which of you maintaine my v, tall breath,
Within this wretched Vale of Worldly strife?
Say, which prolongs my *Life*, most of you I waine?
Or thou **L I F E**, or thou **D E A T H**: say both the same.

I (more then **L I F E**) straight **D E A T H** doth answer make.
Nay, I (quoth **L I F E**) farre more then **D E A T H**, to me,
And for this Cause this only Name I take
Of **L I F E**, which by my meanes alone can be.
Because whilst I within thy *Body* liue,
Death no way can thee hinder, hurt, or grieue.

But I, by cutting off (**D E A T H** straight replies)
This slender Thred, whereby Men runne their race,
Bring every *Faithfull soule*, in friendly wise,
Where he a better path (for aye) may trace,
Making him leade a *Life* eternallie,
A **L I F E**, that (still) doth liue, and neuer die.

Wherefore, what ere he be, that meanes to ioy
This other **L I F E** that is *Celestiall*,
He must not scorne (to scape from worlds annoy)
Nor thinke it much, to come when **D E A T H** shall call.
For **D E A T H**, nor **L I F E**, doth help vs at the end,
L I F E is our Foe, but **D E A T H**, our dearest Friend.

Written of Good-friday.

All haile, *most happie Day* in blessed wise,
A Day of Griefe, yet Honorable Day,
In which the *Father* did (for *Sacrifice*)
Offer his *Sonne*, to saue *Man* from decay:
 'Clensing our Soules, deilde with sinfull mud,
With *Innocent*, with pure and *pracious Blood*.

Vpon that *Crosse* (now *sacred*) then *Prophane*,
He diide for vs, who could not dye indeede:
Whilst closing his fayre eyes for *Mortals* gaine,
He opened all the *Gates of Heauen* with speed:
 Restoring them that *Kingdome* we had lost,
 VWhich nothing, Vs, but Him, too dearly cost,

Not his, but our *Due*, was it, for to Die;
Those *Torments* which he meekly did endure,
His *Crowne of Thornes*, his *Wounds* done spitefully;
That *Cursed Scourge* that spilt his *Blood* so pure;
 All these, to Vs, and not to him, did long,
 Yet for our sakes, our *Christ* himselfe did wrong.

Then if for pitie, *Graves* do open wide,
 Hills cleaue, and *Marble pillars* rent in twaine:
If *Heauens* themselues, their *Lights* for griefe do hide,
And if the *Sunne* for sorow clipt remaine:
 VWhat *Mortall hart* is there that doth not breake,
 VWhen he but thinks, or of this Day doth speake?

That

Divine Poems.

That *Virtue*, through whose power rulde is my soule;
 (Only through *Virtuous Love*, from Love let free)
 Takes force afresh as one that would controule;
 And finding strong himselfe within to bee,
Unbridled Will he seekes to bridle now,
 And tries to breake what fore he scarce could bow.

New Lords, new Lawes; New Customs breake the Olde,
 And where before a dark and mistie clowde,
 My minde as in a prison did infolde,
 Now is it lode from out that gloomie shrowde,
 My Hart doth iump even iust with his desire,
 And by their Eye know both what to require.

My watchfull Soule recovered hath well nic,
 The former state in which he liued in;
 And being free, doth call to memorie,
 VVhat (bound) he did forget through wretched sin,
 VVhile for his life repentant he attends,
 Immortally to liue for his amends.

Not any part there is of Bodie mine,
 But filled is with true, not false Delight:
 Yet doth it grieve still at her former Crime,
 And with Remorse doth mortifie the Spright,
 VVhilst wronged Soule, on Others layes the blame,
 Yet reprehends her selfe euen for the same.

This

Divine Poems.

This earthly Beantie doth the Sence delight,
But Heavenly Beantie doth the minde more please:
The one the World hath as an Object right,
And seekes the World to pleasure with sweet ease:
But th'other hath / enough for his glasse,
Nor this for any but for him doth passe.

The Sence doth burne with / ones vnperfect works,
Which like a blaze in th'aire doth flit away:
The Soule thirsts after that which neuer hurts,
And hunts for that which neuer will decay:
That, which not subiect is to any time,
But of it selfe most Perfect and Diuine.

Thou (Lord) the Mortall and Immortall both
Created hast, marke humbly I requise,
How much within my bodie they be wroth;
Marke now within me, gainst me they conspire
VWithin themselves they vary so and grudge,
That which of both shall win tis hard to iudge.

My bad Conceits from Adam sprung of yore,
Doo headlong runne to endles death with shame:
And lesse that Reason do them bridle sore,
Hardly my Soule can passe from whence it came.
Then pardon Lord the Course that I haue runne,
And I from Sinne a new Man will become.

64
Divine Poems

A *Tirant* great, faire *Beautie* is in *Loue*,
When it doth triumph in a lovely face:
And who with cold *Disdaine*, this doth not mone,
Is caught by subtile sweet alluring *Grace*:
Who stands at *Beauties* Gaze, and doth not flie,
Is soone entrapt by wilfull glancing eye.

This which of true *Loue* is but *Picture* bare,
With shadowing *Vale* doth dimme our clearest sight:
And if to follow it we do not spare,
It soone deceives vs with a false delight,
And to perpetuall prison lends our soule,
Vnles her sleights by *Reason* we controule.

Faire *Pearle*, fine gold, base excrements of th' earth;
Whats *Beautie*, but a little *Whire* and *Red*?
Reuiued with a little liuely *Breath*,
With *Winde*, or *Sunne*, or *Sicknes* altered;
All this doth *Time* consume and bring to nought,
And all what ere into this world is brought.

The fairest *Colours* drie and vanish shall;
The *yongst* must pack as well as doth the *Olde*:
All mortall things to mortall death trust fall,
And therefore first were cast in earthly molde,
That which doth flourish greene as grasse to day,
To morow withereth like to dried Hay.

Swift

Divine Poems.

Swift flies our yeares as doth a running streame,
And lothed *Age* comes stealing on apace:
Our youth doth passe away as twere a Dreame,
And Death doth follow for to take his place:
Death comes, and our *Lifes* *parent* to his hand
For to resigne, he straight doth vs command.

Strength to his course, and winde vnto his flight,
VVith feathers to his wings, *Time* ioyneth fast:
And this sweet life which we so much do like,
Though nere so loth, yet must away at last.
The fairest Flower must wither with the weede,
VVhat so doth liue, to die was first decreede.

Thise happie man and trebble blest is he,
That neuer treads his steps from rightest way,
Nor with the mist of VWorld will blinded be:
But keepes right path, and neuer goes astray:
Contemning all these mundaine *Treasure* base,
In hope to ioy the heauenly *Wealth* of Grace.

VWho dyeth ill, dyes; who dieth well, neuer dies,
But liues a life aboue Eternallie:
Like good *Elias*, who in wondrous wise,
VWas from base Earth tooke vp to liue in skie:
VVhere bide *The elect* of *Christ* for euer blest,
In *Abrahams* bosome there for aye to rest.

Diuine Poems.

For thee my HART doth burne like fire (Deare Lord)
Which freezde before like Frost and *chillie Ice*,
For thee to leaue my *sinne* I doe accord;
Through which thy heavenly grace I did despise.
All *Follies* now, as *Shadowes* vaine Ile leaue,
And vnto thee (the *Substance* trew) I cleaue.

In thee I burne, and in my selfe I freeze,
Frozen through feare, but burning through thy Loue,
Reason ore *Senser* mine, now ouerlees:
And her Authoritie ore them doth proue.
Which makes me humbly call to thee for grace,
Though (proud) before I runne a selfe wild race.

Repentance right, sad *Griefe*, salt *Teares*, sure *Faith*,
Renuc in me a sorie *Contrite Hart*:
My guiltie *Conscience* oft within me saith,
I Death deserue, yet Mercifull thou art:
Sighs from my soule I offer for my Fee,
As *pretious Blood* thou offeredst once for mee.

My Hart now clensde (and yet not mine as now)
Sweet *Christ* to thee his first Home turnes againe,
from me he flies, and vnto thee doth bow:
giue it thee, Accept I pray the same.
Ah *Soueraigne Saviour*, do not now despise
A broken Hart, for pleasing Sacrifice.

I

Weake

Divine Poems.

Weake is my *Barke* in which my *Life* doth rowe,
My wretched life, through grievous faults mispent,
And in the World (his *Ocean*) sayles but slowe,
Because it fallles into the *Occident*:

My sickly *Minde* runnes selfe same doubtfull way,
And *Soule* doth grieve that *Fancie* doth stray.

And though a gentle calmie Winde to blowe,
She findes about her, as the fresh doth sayle,
Yet vnder Waters doe I spie belowe,
The *Foe* of my poore *Soule* her to assayle:

And in that part wherein he doth espie
The *Ship* to leake, in that he close doth lie.

Ah, now it grieues me, now I doe repent
My rechelesse *Race*, that I to lewde haue runne,
Yet hath my *God* in mercie to me lent
Helpe to my *Vessell* weake, else I vndon:

Hope at the left hand standes, that part to guide,
And constant *Faith* on right hand doth abide.

Earth was my flesh before, and earth againe
Ere long it shall be, but my *Soule* on hie,
Shall be lift vp in brightest *Heavens* to raigne,
If I from false alluring *Sinne* can flie:

When at his feete, who first life to me gaue,
A *Glorious Seat* for ever I shall haue.

Divine Poems.

Full 7.times foure of yeeeres my life hath runne,
 Whil't to my selfe a *heavy Burthen* sore,
 To others I a gainelesse charge become,
 Soyled with beastly *Thoughts* vncleanly gore:
 Whil't in true *Light* being blind I farther goe
 From *Reason* path which Iudgement did me show.

Slow to good works, but too too swift to ill,
 My *Soule* abroad with flitting wings doth flie,
 And in the worlds darke bottom of *Selfe will*,
 Mongst 1000. Snares she carelesly doth lie.
 Where sensuall *Sense* and *Ignorance* astray
 Her doubtfull leades, quight out of her right way.

Too obstinate she headlong forward runnes,
 In greatest *Light* she tumbleth in most darke,
 Nor takes she thought what of her selfe becomes,
 Be it right or wrong her course she doth not marke:
 So that although Immortall she should live,
 Most mortall Death she seekes her selfe to give.

But now thanks to the *Soueraigne King* of all,
 She (no more blinde) the dangers gins to spie,
 And looking backe vnto her former fall,
 She doth repent through faith most heartily:
 Where she doth see of *Heauen* the narrow Gate,
 Which (once) was shut, now ope for her escape.

Divine Poems.

King of all *Kinges* which from thy *sacred Throne*,
Doeſt marke and view from forth the *Heavens* hie,
Thy *Graces* vnto *Adams Offspring* ſhowne,
Of thy great *Loue* (although vnworthilie)
Thou that do'ſt fill with true *Delight* the minde,
With true *Delight*, wherein true *Ioy* we finde.

Behold how I , ore'laid with grievous ſinne,
With *Soule* defil'd, with *Hears* infected ſore,
Doe flie to thee, thy *Mercie* for to winne,
And with *Repensance* doe my faultes deplore:
Lord if thy *Lawes* and thee I haue offended,
Let mine old *Follies*, with new *Teares* be cleaned.

My *Sorrowes*, to my *Sinnes* are ſparkes but ſmall,
So loathſome they appeare vnto my ſight;
On thee, I at thy *Gate of Piſſis* call,
Thou art the *Flame* that canſt them purge moſt bright:
The *Bellows* is *Amendements* pure deſire,
Which doth inflame through thy hotte louing *Fire*.

Let thy great *Bountie* me forget, forgiue,
And bad *Conceites* that idle *Fancies* wrought,
Let them no more within me (working) liue,
But to *Confuſion* and *Conſemps* be brought:
Oh let not *Sinne* my *Soule* ſtill *Satanize*,
But with thy *Spirit* the ſame *imparadiſe*.

Fins.



A most excellent patheti-
call, and passionate Letter of Duke
D'Epernoun, MINION, vnto Henry
the third, King of France and Polonia, when,
through the Duke of Guizes deuise and
meanes, he was forbidden the
presenc of the King.



Y gracious Soueraigne,
a great combate had I
in my minde, and no
little or small adoe, to
resolue my selfe what
way to take, hauing
receiued expresse com-
mandement not to approach the royall pre-
sence of your sacred Maiestie any more; a

A Passionate Letter

matter of no small consequence (as that was vnto me) and such as was hard for me to beleeue, and therefore not vnlikelie to be but of long resolution. Willing I was (my good Lord) to obey your letter, and so did I; but yet, (for to make manifest the cause of so suddaine an alteration) I did greatly desire to remoue from my heart, whatsoeuer might haue displeased your Grace in any of my actions whatsoeuer: yet could I finde none, being thoroughly determined, and wonderouslie desirous to answer the same with my life, and bid you farewell with a liuely and open voyce, before the face of all the world.

I most humbly beseech your Maiestie to pardon this my Disobedience, seeing I haue not committed this fault (onely) for feare of disobeying you, but rather, because I am pricked forward by the great affection I owe vnto your seruice, more than all the men in the world. I see (Sir) I am the onely marke whereat the Enuie and Slaunder of *France* doe drawe their most fierce Dartes of their
Rigor

of Duke D'Epernoun.

Rigor and Force; I must needes vndertake to resist, no lesse those, who are Enuyers of my good Fortune, then heretofore I haue done the Admirers thereof; not doubting, but that God will giue me the Grace, not onely to repulse the, but also to beat the downe with the onely Sun-shining Beame of your royall Fauour, which (alone) shal suffice without any more need of other Armour; being as strong vnto me, as the foundation of a Rocke, which no Accidents whatsoever shall euer be able to vndermine. For I do not place in the ranck of transitory thinges, the Friendship wherewith your Maiestie with so great affection so long time hath honoured me: It hath continued without ceasing with so great Goodwill, and sustayned so many sharpe assaultes, that I feare nothing at all that it should perish in one small moment and on the sodaine. Hap-hazard did not build it, Fortune therefore shall not ouerthrow it, and the workes of your Maiesties bountie, shall neuer (I hope)

A Passionate Letter

yeelde vnto the malice of the Enemies of my Good.

Neither will I haue any other prooffe of the Eternitie of your rare Fauours towards mee, then the answere you made vnto one of the Neereſt about your Maieſtie, who affirming you would make me too G R E A T; you answered; And ſo Great will I make him, that it ſhal not be in my power hereafter to vndoe him, although willingly I would. Theſe are the wordes (worthie Prince) wherewith you haue pricked forwardes the violence of my malicious ill willers; Wordes in trueth, moſt worthie the greateſt, nobleſt and moſt bountifull Monarch of the worlde. In ſo much as I haue engrauen in my ſoule an immortal deſire to make my ſelfe worthie the effectes thereof.

But I muſt not nowe beholde, nor at this time looke into, what parte your Good-will hath ſhewed it ſelfe moſt firme and moſt affectionate, to make famous my good Fortune.

69
of Duke D'Epernoun.

tune. The principall beginning thereof was
resolved vpon with iudgement, the sequell
with reason, and the end shall not be variable
with ill destinie. The proceedinges thereof
were voluntary; your Maiestie wil not suffer
(I trust,) that the chaunce thereof should be
forced, you haue raised me out of the dust, vn-
to the greatest honours of your high Estate,
and of an vnworthie younger brother that I
was, you haue created me a great *Duke*. I am
of your owne fashioning; I hope you will not
suffer your worke to be vnperfect: and for to
lift me vp vnto the heauens of your greatnes,
you will not giue me winges of so soft a wax
that I shall melt in the violent lightnings of
the rage of mine enemies, to make me mise-
rablie to sincke into the bottomlesse flouds
of their bloody desires. But rather contrari-
wise, that it would please you to protect me,
and to take a certaine kinde of pleasure and
pride, to see, and beholde that the power you
haue giuen mee may bee sufficient to ouer-
throw these Infidels and base Creatures, their
aspiring

3

A Passionate Letter

ing estate being full of discommodities,
and their diuelish determinations^r guiltie of
horrible treasons.

But if your Maiestie desire to see the rest
and quietnesse of your poore People, imagi-
ning that I am the cause of their pouertie and
neede, and not the quarrels and conflicts that
these lewde fellows haue attempted; if my
prosperitie causeth the trouble of your plea-
sures, and if you thinke, that ceasing the pre-
texte of your vnfaigned Good-will towards
mee, by the same meanes they woulde cease
their euill behauiours also; let vs then (Sir)
ouerthrow this good Fortune, let vs remoue
that which serues for a colour to the enterpri-
ses that these turbulent Companions goe a-
bout, to put themselves into possession of
your Estate; let vs ouerthrowe the meanes,
which they call the Motiues and occasions of
their Factions; yet in the ende it shall plainly
be seene, that aspiring Ambition & cankered
Enuie of these malcontented mindes, is
the onely cynders which couers the fire,
where-

of Duke D' Epernour.

wherewith they would imbrace your Realm,
and the breake necke ouerthrow, into which
they couet to thrust your people, to accom-
pany the vnto their endles miseries. But So-
ueraigne Liege, I doe not hold the liberalitie
your royall Person hath bestowed on mee, so
deare, as I doe the least of your desires, my o-
bedience shall franckly yeeld to you, all that,
which your princely Liberalitie hath bounti-
fully giuen vnto me; whether it be to take a-
way the colour of the warres ensuing, or to
make it good, (in good earnest) vpon them
which beare a shewe to desire it: The losse of
my Goodes, shall be the least of my Crosses:
I haue alwayes considered, that Fortune gi-
ueth nothing, but what she can alwayes take
again, and that all worldly riches are of the
variable condition of the world, and of the
vncertaintie of mankinde. Your Maiestie
which gaue mee all whatsoeuer I haue, can-
not take any thing, but what was your owne
(before) from me; and willingly if you please
will I yeeld vp all I haue without enforcing
mine

A Passionate Letter

mine owne will at all : I will more easily discharge my selfe of my Goods , then they may bee taken from mee. I will resigne not only the Estates, the Honors, the Offices, and Possessions , whether they be of mine owne Person, or belonging vnto my deare Wife, but also my life into your princely Handes , I say, that happie and contented life , which I owe vnto your liberall integritie; doe mee I most humbly beseech you, so great a good as to receiue it : Leauē me onely I desire so little as 10000. franckes of yeerely rent , (mine owne poore patrimonie) it shall be enough, that I may maintaine my selfe in your royall Court with the small trayne I had before you knewe mee. I shall haue sufficient, being in your presence, and your onely sight shall bee more vnto mee, then all the treasures of the earth. I will leauē without any grieſe at all, vnto your Maieſtie the Liuiings you haue bestowed on me, without making any other request in this respect, but onely to beseech you most humbly not to suffer that mine enemies,
namely

71
of Duke D'Epernoun.

namely those who haue plaied mee no small bad pranks about you, should be put in possession and inuested with my spoyles; neither to suffer them to finde their happines through the losse of mine owne good Fortune, nor that they may haue cause to erect them glorious *Trophees* of mine vnderferued ouerthrow: for that (only) and only that alone, would be the greatest aduersitie, that losse of wealth or goods might bring vnto me.

See then my (gracious Lord) the account I make of riches. But of your gracious Favours I haue in such ample wise promised my selfe the eternitie thereof, and haue taken such a **HABIT** in the possession of the same, that this **Custome** is turned into a natural Order. I cannot draw breath, but with the, & my life hath no mouing but their *influence*, that day wherein they shall bee taken from mee, shall be the last of my life, and the separation of them, cannot bee without the parting of my soule out of this body: which notwithstanding I will holde for very fortunate, to haue

A Passionate Letter

haue so honorable a subiect, and will not a little glorie to haue so long and well liued: that I haue been thought worthie the friendship of so great and mightie a Monarch, who hath so much esteemed thereof, as not to haue been able to liue without it.

One of the most apparant signes that your Royall selfe gaue me of your rare Affection towards me is, in that you haue alwaies desired to haue had me neere about you. Then I most humbly beseech your Maiestie, let me not (now) be banisht far from you; Banish rather my Fortune than my Person, they rather gape at it, than at my selfe; It is not at the youngest Sonne of VALETTA, that these spitefull Oppressors doe seeke to take holde of, but it is on the Duke *D'Epernoun*, and to his Princely greatnes: they are rather enemies of the Effects. than of the Cause, and desire rather the possessions. than the absence of the Possessor Suffer not then (deare Soueraigne) this his forced withdrawing, whom you haue so greatly loued, and change not
your

72
of Duke D'Epernonn.

your royall countenance from him at this time, with ill fortune.

Notwithstanding (most gracious Prince) if of my being far off, dependes the rest and quietnes of your poore people, and the execution of your Maiesties worthie will and pleasure, I will not gainesay it at all: rather would I bee as low vnder the earth, as you haue raised mee on high in dignitie. Your commaundements herein, as in all other things, shall bee my Counsellors: your will shall be a law vnto me, and your desires my affections. It is more reason that I should perish, then your Wil & Heasts be vnaaccomplished, seeing I was not raised vp, but by those meanes.

I praise God, for that he hath left me one comfort in this my luckles desaster: that is, to know my ill hap, and not my fault, my hard fortune, and not my King, my Enuious and not my iust Enemies doe seeke this my fall. My iust behauiour hath not any way caused it, and therefore it will not leaue mee any place

A Passionate Letter

place of repentance, for my soule is free from all scruple and doubt, and my vpright intentions of all offences towards your Maiestie. Besides this, I haue placed the friendship wherewith it hath pleased you to honour me, in a perfect heart, not tainted at all. I call thereof to witnes, the *Dininitie* of your excellent Spirit, which neuer deceiueth it selfe in the knowledge of his owne. Amongst which in despite of the rage of his enemies (who are almost in despaire) I will appeare in loyall sincerenesse of zeale, and in dutifull obedience as the Sunne amidst the Starres, and I will make it to be seene, that the ielousie of my pestilent Slaunders, is a meere iniurie of time, and my life a splendant light of your Kingdome. Neyther call I to minde these matters, for that I feare you suspect mee of horrible ingratitude or beastly forgetfulnes. The rare manner wherewith you haue bound mee vnto you, was such as coulde not come from a rude *Scythian*, but from a most magnanimous King, who hath
restored

of Duke D'Epernoun.

restored a wofull heart cruelly wounded, to happie life, being therefore obliged vnto his princely Throne for euer. So that my Actions hereafter, and not my wordes at this present time shall answere for my continuall loyaltie. I will euermore haue in memorie the liberalitie of my Prince, as a passing pleasing witnesse of the honorable affection hee hath borne me, and will repute that day accursed, wherein I shall not thinke of the happinesse he hath done vnto me; being not able as now to doe him any other duetic.

Then (my sweete Soueraigne) honour me I beseech you alwayes with your Commaundements; it shall be a kinde of comfort vnto mee, to bee euer employed in your Princely Seruice. Adiew, my good Lord, adiew: the greatest good I possesse in this life, is, the happy thought of your gracious Fauour. I beseech you, still to preserue me therein, and to belecue that neuer soule seperated it selfe from a goodly bodie, with greater grieve then *E'Pernoun* now hath, in being deuided from your Maiesty: and not a little do I complaine, for that Fortune hath no other meanes to beat

K

mee

A Passionate Letter

mee downe, then in depriuing mee of your noble presence, in such sort as it hath done.

But since it hath pleased God and your Maiestie, I shoulde withdrawe my selfe from you, I beseech his goodnesse, that there may remaine with you as great ioy, as in parting from you, I carry away both heauinesse and anger; that it may please his holy spirit to conduct and fauour you in such sort in your enterprises, that your Good may be as faithfully sustained, as I would desire to see manifested the Fauorers of the troubles of your Realme, and the iust punishment due vnto them, for their rash Wilfulnesse, and ouer presumptuous Boldnesse, to the glorie of God, the encrease of your Maiesties Royaltie, the health of your People, & the contentment of your magnanimous and Princely Desires.

*Your no lesse ductifull, then sorrowfull Subiect,
for that he must loose the sweete sight
of your Princely Maiestie.*

Jean Louis de Nogaret
Duke D'Epernon.

FINIS.

